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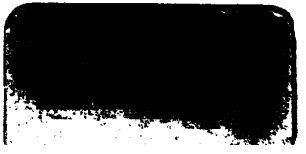

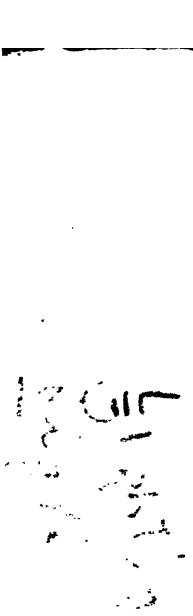

RECOMMENDATIONS.

This certifies that for several years the undersigned have been intimately acquainted with the Rev. William B. Lighton, and have always found him to be a man of integrity, in whose word we could rely with implicit confidence. For a number of years he has been depressed by misfortune, having lost the greater part of his property by the absconding of his debtor; yet, his integrity has ever remained inviolate.

In pursuing a course of industry, veracity, and humility he has endeared himself to a large circle of christian brethren and the public generally. We, do therefore, cheerfully recommend him to an enlightened community.

Having perused the interesting Narrative of his life and sufferings, and being fully satisfied with the work, and believing it will be both interesting and useful, we can confidently recommend it to the reading public, particularly the youth of our country, as a work of useful entertainment. It contains an account of many extraordinary events, both of trials and sufferings, and is interspersed with many moral and useful reflections, which renders it worthy of a prominent place in every family library.

JOSEPH JACKMAN,
JOHN CHANDLER,
JOHN POOR,
} *Selectmen of Landaff.*

Rev. OZIAS SAVAGE,
Elder GEORGE W. COGSWELL,
JONATHAN BROWNSON, Esq.
JACOB NOYES, Esq.
Col. MOSES WEBSTER.

July,—1836

DEAR SIR—

I have received a line from Elder James M'Kenzie of Boston, Pastor of the Freewill Baptist Church of that place, saying, that he has read your *Narrative* with much interest and satisfaction; and believes it worthy of extensive circulation. I heartily concur with

him in his favorable opinion, and can cordially recommend it to the attention of every *parent* and *young person*, as a work calculated to invite the attention, and benefit the hearts of its readers.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

NATHANIEL THURSTON.

Pastor of the Freewill Baptist Church, Lowell, Mass.

Lowell April—1836.

We the undersigned, Ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and members of the New-Hampshire Conference, do hereby certify: That the Rev. William B. Lighton is a member of our church in Landaff N. H. in good standing, and is a respectable Local Preacher, —that from personal acquaintance with him, we are prepared to commend him to the Publick as a man possessing a good, sound, moral, and christian character; and in whose veracity the fullest confidence may be placed.

We have read his interesting Narrative of his life and sufferings, and consider it entitled to credit. It possesses a sufficient number, and variety of remarkable occurences to make it interesting, and appropriate moral reflections to render it useful. Believing it will be read with interest by all, and that it will be profitable, especially to young persons, we cheerfully recommend it as a work deserving of Public patronage.

Rev. J. B. H. NORRIS,
Rev. SALMON GLEASON,
Rev. WILLIAM PECK,
Rev. ELEAZER WELLS,
Rev. HOLMAN DREW,
Rev. JAMES DOW,
Rev. MATTHEW NEWHALL,
Rev. CHARLES COWING,
Rev. SAMUEL HOYT.

July 1836.

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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

Wm B. LIGHTON,

Minister of the Gospel, Born at Frampton, near Boston in Lincolnshire. England, Sep^{r} 7th. 1805.
ÆT: 30.

NARRATIVE

OF THE

LIFE AND SUFFERINGS

OF A

YOUNG BRITISH CAPTIVE;

WILLIAM B. LIGHTON.

(Minister of the Gospel.)

WHO WAS A SOLDIER, BOUND FOR LIFE IN THE BRITISH ARMY AND IN WHICH IS CONTAINED AN ACCOUNT OF ITS CHARACTER, AND THE BARBAROUS METHOD PRACTISED IN PUNISHING THEIR SOLDIERS; WITH AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE FROM HIS REGIMENT, HIS CAPTURE, IMPRISONMENT, TRIAL, AND CONDEMNATION TO DEATH; HIS SUBSEQUENT SUFFERINGS, AND FINAL ESCAPE FROM CAPTIVITY, AND FROM THE BRITISH DOMINIONS.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Quis talia fando temperet a lacrymas?"—*Virgil—i. e.*
"Who can refrain from tears at the relation of such things?"
"Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see, if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me."
Jeremiah.

REVISED EDITION—EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

Concord, N. H.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

ALLISON AND FOSTER, PRINTERS.

1836.

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PREFACE.

Many of the virtuous and the good whose lives have been distinguished for usefulnesss have contributed to the literature of the world by publishing their biographies ; thereby promoting the cause of truth, morality, and religion, and perpetuating their memories among the living. Though the writer may shine with far inferior lustre in the scale of intellectual and moral greatness to many who have written ; yet, he would meekly present to the Public a narrative of his young and eventful career ; a *career*, which has been marked with some of the most remarkable occurrences, and which are not less interesting from having been suffered at so early an age. To the merits of these assertions the impartial reader is left to judge.

The writer trusts that he possesses nothing of assumptive arrogance, nor the work any thing of fictitious novelty. It is a plain unvarnished statement of real facts, as they have occurred, and of sufferings as they have been endured. The reader then must pardon its errors ; and rather then pierce it with a dagger of criticism, he will drop his mace, and cover all its faults with a mantle of mercy.

The object of writing it will be obtained if it shall exhibit the goodness of God—correct the evil passions of the heart—enforce paren-

tal obedience—promote generous sentiments—elevate the standard of morality, and purify the the taste of the youth, to whom it is most sincerely dedicated.

It was not originally the design of the author to publish his narrative at so early a period of his life ; but to have withheld it from the world until (if he lived) he was further advanced in years, or have left it in manuscript to be published after his decease. But the ardent solicitude felt by his bereaved and afflicted Parents, who has for a number of years suffered severe mental anxiety and grief, from the authors sudden separation from them in the bud of early youth, and his being conveyed away to a foreign land, ignorant of the dangers and sufferings to which he was exposed, probably never to meet them again on the shores of time ; and the earnest importunate desire expressed in their letters to have it immediately put to the press, when they learned its general events by a correspondence ; is a request too powerful in its claims not to be acceded too with sentiments of childlike affection and gratitude. Added to this is the conviction that the events embodied in the work, are of sufficient interest to justify its publication.

The author feels that all his sufferings have arisen from disobedience to his Parents, and a reckless spirit of adventure :—he would therefore write this as a warning to the rising generation, hoping it may prove a check to the virulent passions of the young and thoughtless and,

do good; and that it may on these accounts be sanctioned by every christian and philanthropist.

This being the motive by which the following pages have been compiled, he would present them to the candid Public, in unison with the sentiments and wishes of friends, and kinderd, who are far separated from him by the mighty deep, with a desire that it may be rendered a blessing, both to them, and to every American youth.

That the blessing of God may rest upon the work, is the sincere prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

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LIFE

OF

WILLIAM B. LIGHTON.

CHAPTER I.

Containing an account of his nativity, parantage, early life, and trials, to the 15th year of his age, when he enlisted as a soldier in His Majesty's service.

I was born at Frampton, near Boston, in the County of Lincolnshire, England, on the seventh day of September, 1805. My father possessed a small, but fertile farm, from whence by honest industry, he obtained a comfortable support for himself and family, consisting of a wife and five children, three sons and two daughters. He possessed a sound judgment, a penetrating genius and an active vigorous mind, with a character of untarnished worth. His dealings were always marked with the strictest principles of justice, which rendered him beloved and a useful member of society. Thus was my dear father respected, and through Providence, blest with a cheerful competence that removed him and his family from the dangerous extremes of poverty and wealth, either of which is often productive of much painful anxiety.

My dear mother died while I was quite

young; of course I can say but little about her character. However, the spark of recollection I imbibed is still bright and vivid, her affections were strongly combined with a sense of maternal duty, which rendered her one of the best of mothers. As a christian she was worthy of imitation. Towards the close of a long and painful affliction, which she bore with christian fortitude, she took an affectionate farewell of her husband and children, and after committing them all into the hands of a merciful God, she died in peace and in full hope of a glorious immortality.

"Thither may we repair,
That glorious bliss to share."

A few days subsequent to my mother's demise, two of my sisters (twins about four years of age) followed her to the realms of peace. This sudden stroke of Providence made a deep wound in the bosom of my afflicted father, and the mournful aspect of these sorrowful scenes tended to depress his soul with grief and trouble the most keen and trying, though like Job he could submissively say "the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

There is something melancholly in the family of the widower, and, notwithstanding the assiduity and care of attendants, the place of the fond wife and affectionate mother cannot be supplied. The husband feels it. He has lost the object of his dearest affections, and though he now posesses a solicitude for his children, almost *maternal*, yet there is a void in his heart. Does he return from his daily avocations? See

him fixing his vacant gaze upon the place she used to occupy ;—associations are connected with a glance at that empty place which rend his heart, and start the tears into his mournful eyes. Does he retire to his solitary chamber at night ? It is but to spend the sleepless hours in remembrances of the past It was so with my father, his bosom was severely wounded, and he lived but to mourn the loss he had experienced. It is felt by the children. They recoil from the cold attention of strangers, which, however kind it may be, never equals the warmth of a mother's love. They miss too those instructions, which they were wont to receive from her beloved and willing lips, by which they were so much improved and amused. Here it was that I suffered by not having a mother, who, in the course of my early years, would have repressed the effects of depraved nature, by her sage counsels and wise government.

After the lapse of several months, my father married a second time to an amiable woman of prepossessing appearance, and a disposition so agreeable as to win the affection and secure the esteem of all her acquaintances. From her I received that care, which, in some measure, atoned for my former loss. She was kind and indulgent, though at the same time strict in requiring obedience,—but the reader, who has lost a fond mother, will understand me, when I say she was not *my mother*.

My parents were strict observers of the rules of the established church. For the truths

of the bible they possessed a deep reverence and sincere regard, and they strove to impress those truths upon the minds of their offspring at the earliest periods of intellectual exfoliation.

The effect of this pious instruction produced in my mind a deep veneration for the character of God, and fear of offending him by a breach of his holy law. The following anecdote, though simple, may serve to show what moral impression was made upon my mind.

It is a matter of most implicit faith among the juvenile class, in some parts of England, that the robin red-breast, from some undefined reason or other, is the peculiar favorite of Deity, that its red-breast is the trait by which it is known as such, and that to destroy it inevitably produces the displeasure of Jehovah. Unfortunately I destroyed a brood of these chirping innocents, which I had no sooner done, than I became the subject of a train of reflection the most painful and disagreeable. Conviction rolled upon my mind, I felt guilty, unhappy, and was full of fear for the deed I had done; in vain did I try to forget the act; I could not; my burden grew heavier, it became insupportable, I wept aloud and cried to God for mercy and pardon, promising if he would forgive me, I never would be guilty of the like offence. The effect of my importunate cry to God gave me the most sensible relief that I ever experienced in my life. My guilt was rolled off my shoulders and my wonted peace returned to my bosom, insomuch that I resumed my

innocent amusements with all the transports of youthful delight. Would to God that my moral sensitiveness had always remained equally sharp !

In order that I might be more efficiently instructed in those scriptures which make "wise unto salvation," I was, at an early age, sent to a Sabbath School, conducted by ladies and gentlemen, whose souls, filled with a Saviour's love, yearned with compassion for the youth of the village, and from whose philanthropic labors, I imbibed a respect for the name and character of the Supreme being, which, in after life, served to restrain me from the depths of vice. O, the blessed and happy effects of Sabbath Schools ! Surely they are seats of mercy. Would to God they were more perseveringly attended too. Ye Christians, awake to this important duty, and labor steadily with all your moral powers at this mighty engine of piety and reformation ! And may the Omnipotent Jehovah bless you and the institution with success !

My father, being a man of information, and aware of the value of education, placed me under the tuition of Mr. Joshua Dent, a gentleman fitted both by learning, and judgment to superintend the instruction of youth. From this individual I received that assistance which enabled me to acquire a knowledge of the common branches of learning, and had it not been for the indolence to which I was subject, I should have been instructed in the higher branches of literature ; but, to my subsequent sorrows I

thwarted the design of my parents, and master, by my indolence and love of amusement. This last mentioned evil continually involved me in trouble and perplexity, wasted my precious time, and in some cases, rendered me amenable to the laws of the land, as also it made me the subject of my father's displeasure. The amusements to which I allude were the robbing of gardens, and orchards, trapping game, and hunting bird's nests, &c. To the latter of which I became so grosely addicted that I have frequently exposed myself to the most emminent danger of breaking my limbs and losing my life. Such was the effect of my climbing into thorn-hedges in pursuit of my object, that I have suffered severely from the lacerating thorn, both upon my flesh and clothes, the latter of which would sometimes be tattered in rags, which sight provoked my parents to anger, especially my mother, as it kept her generally busy with the needle and thread, in mending for me. These propensities I indulged, as often, and as far as circumstances would permit, in defiance of the strictest injunctions to the contrary.

I mention these things to show the young reader what I consider to be the first causes of my numerous sufferings in after life, viz: disobedience to my parents. Had I obeyed them and refrained from my sinful persuits, I should have escaped that censure and severe punishment, I often received as the consequence of my offences. I shall accordingly introduce the

reader to one or two circumstances, which may serve to illustrate this remark.

My father was an experienced horticulturist, and possessed a peculiar taste which led him to cultivate his garden almost to paradisical perfection; from which circumstances he forbad his children entering it on pain of his displeasure; a prohibitation so reasonable, ought certainly to have been obeyed. I did however, pay frequent visits to this delightful spot, and regale myself with the rich and luxuriant fruit it contained. On one occasion having entered this forbidden ground in company with my oldest brother, after we had eaten our fill, and had commenced lading ourselves with spoil, unsuspicious of danger, we were alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps. Our feelings were greatly excited at the idea of discoverey, laden as we were with forbidden fruit. Accordingly we paused to ascertain who the intruders might be, when we heard a voice too well known to admit of doubt concerning our unwelcome visitors. It was my mother and grandmother who having been informed of our proceedings by a neighboring family, were come to drive us plunderers away.

We had but a moment for consultation, and as the only alternative was to bury our fruit in the ground, and hide ourselves in the bushes, we did so, thus hoping to escape detection. Scarcely were we secreted, when they approached, and with a voice that filled us with alarm, my mother exclaimed, "then you are

here, you villains, are you ? Come out immediately." We however remained, perfectly silent, when they commenced a regular search, and soon dislodged us from our retreat, and drove us from the garden.

My father too, detected me in obtaining game by unlawful means, since by the laws of England, it is a crime to kill any kind of game whatever, unless duly qualified according to law, which qualification supposes a large share of property, and the payment of certain dues ; and should any whom Providence has placed in a lower sphere of life, *dare* to lay their *unhallowed* hands upon any of those proscribed creatures, even though he should be urged to do it by the imperious demands of a starving family, the strong arm of an impious law would drag him from the bosom of a dependent wife and children, and consign him to a transportation for several years. These are laws which in my humble opinion ought to be repealed, as they savor too much of despotism and tyrany. Against these laws, I frequently rebelled, and carried on my schemes with impunity, without regard to law or its consequences.

My father being a strict observer of these laws, did all that lay in his power to prevent his children infringing them. He would keep no dog, gun, or instrument upon his premises that would in any way afford the means of poaching, and strictly forbid any such course on pain of his displeasure, with severe punishment.

As my father descovered my propensity to evil, he adopted a course of discipline so strict that my life actually became a burthen; home became unpleasent to me, and I ardently sighed for an escape from such severe discipline, as it had a very sad effect upon my mind. The positive, and oft repeated prohibitions only served to increase and inflame my desires, and to create feelings which moderate gratification would have smothered in the birth. And I firmly believe had my dear parents pursued a milder and more lenient course of government towards me, my prominent defects of character might have been subdued, and I saved from those subsequent evils which befel me in after life. Hence it appears, that punishments too severe, and restrictions too minute only defeat their own ends. We are naturally prone to desire most, that which is most strictly forbidden, and the prohibition sometimes serves to enkindle desires which other wise never would have existed. Not that we suppose the law to create the principle which thus leads to disobedience, no; that principle has its birth coeval with the existence of the man, and is elicited by the enforcement of the command. This we believe is what the Apostle meant when he said, "for without the law sin was dead," and the Heathen where he says:

"Vice is provoked by every strong restraint;
Sick men love most to drink, who know they may'nt."

Were a proper line of conduct pursued in the government and education of children, how

few *profligate sons* and *daughters*, and how few *broken hearted* parents, should we find! The injudicious management of many parents with their children, the neglect of early *religious education*, connected with a *wholesome* and *affectionate* restraint, is the ruin of millions. Many parents are too authoritative and austere in their mode of government which renders obedience irksome and slavish. Others again, go into as great an extreme on the other hand, for they exercise but very little or no government at all. Their children some of them before they are of age would seem to usurp the reins of government into their own hands, and they heed as much the wind that blows as they do the counsel and admonition of their parents.

And why is this? It is because their parents are not in the exercise of a judicious and proper discipline,—and for fear of doing hurt to their children, or injuring their own feelings, they let them run headlong in their own way. No wonder then if they have profligate children!—And indeed it will be a wonder, if their children do not sink to hell through their neglect!

"It is not parental *fondness*, nor parental *authority*, taken separately, that can produce this beneficial effect. A father may be as fond of his offspring as he possibly can be, and his children be disobedient and rebellious: he may be as *authoritative* as the *grand* Turk, and his children despise and plot rebellion against him. But let parental *authority* be tempered

with *fatherly affection*; and let the reins of discipline be steadily held by this powerful but affectionate hand; and there shall the pleasure of God prosper; there will he give his blessing, even life for evermore. Many fine families have been *spoiled*, and many *ruined*, by the *separate* exercise of those two principles.

Parental *affection*, when *alone*, infallibly degenerates into *foolish fondness*; and parental authority frequently degenerates into *brutal tyranny*, when standing by itself. The first sort of parents will be *loved*, without being respected; the second sort will be *dreaded*, without either *respect* or *esteem*. In the first case obedience is not *exacted*, and is therefore left to be unnecessary, as offences of great magnitude pass without punishment or reprehension: in the second case, rigid exaction renders obedience almost impossible; and the smallest delinquency is often punished with the extreme of torture; which, hardening the mind, renders duty a matter of perfect indifference.

Parents, lay these things to heart! Teach your children to fear God—use wholesome discipline—be determined—begin in time—mingle *severity* and *mercy* together in all your conduct—and earnestly pray to God to second your godly discipline with the power and grace of his spirit!"

I had now arrived at that period of my life when it was deemed expedient I should make choice of some pursuit, by which to maintain myself in after life; but so volatile and change-

ful was my disposition, that I found it difficult to decide. Added to this, my mind was filled with the most romantic ideas of distant places, I was charmed with the history of travellers and longed to rove at large through the wide earth uncontrolled and free. This disposition was not a little increased from the following circumstance.

Captain Hewitt, a relative of my father, came to spend a few days with us previous to the sailing of his ship on a long voyage. To him was made known by my father the disposition I possessed. They thought it best to send me to sea. Accordingly it was agreed that Captain Hewitt should take me, provided I would consent. I cheerfully assented, when an agreement was accordingly entered into and I was ordered to hold myself in readiness for sea at the summons of my friend.

I was now much excited and busy in preparing for my departure. I thought but little of leaving home, and parting with friends ; my mind was filled with ideas of the pleasures of a sailor's life, and my engagedness had like to have cost my father his house ; for one night, while preparing papers and books for an intended journal, I accidentally set fire to the window hangings of my bed-chamber, and thus almost fired the house.

Having made the necessary preparations for my departure, I began to look anxiously for the summons of the Captain, but having waited several weeks in vain, was compelled to

give the matter up as a disappointment, and so it proved, for we never, to my knowledge, heard a word of his fate, but were left to conjecture the reason why he did not fulfil his promise.

Some time after this circumstance the question of emigration was seriously agitated, among my friends, and neighbors. America with all its advantages formed the topic of conversation, among all classes of society. The public voice spake loud in its favor, and the various periodicals of the day were filled with flaming eulogies of this far-famed continent. Among those who were captivated with these pleasing accounts my father stood foremost, and felt a most anxious desire to visit a spot so facinating. But the ill health of my mother, formed an almost insuperable barrier to his design and led him to give it up, at least for a season.

But though thus prevented from prosecuting his plan immediately, his desire was by no means allayed, nor his opinion altered ; indeed, the pleasing descriptions constantly received by the English, tended to keep the spirit of emigration in a state of active existence, and to increase those desires already formed in the breasts of thousands. The unbounded field it afforded for the hard hand of industry ; the rich harvest it offered to the speculator ; and above all, the rising importance of its government, operated with the influence of a magnet. Added to this, the deplorable state of things at home ; the glaring abuses of an impious gov-

ernment ; the depression and wretchedness of the lower classes, and the murderous *weight* of TAXATION rendered the people dissatisfied, and taught them to believe that *emigration* would be conducive to their benefit to leave the home of their fathers, and, like the *pilgrims*, seek a refuge (not from religious persecutions) but from political oppression, and domestic poverty, in a land of freedom and plenty.

Such feelings and views operated as a powerful stimulous upon my mind, and created a strong desire in me to visit a place of which I had heard so much, especially as the members of my own family were continually discussing the merits and demerits of the question.

This desire was much increased by the conversation of a gentleman, whom my father employed to give me a little private instruction for the purpose of putting the finishing stroke to my education. My father usually attended at these hours ; (which was in the evenings of the winter season) and during the leisure moments of my tutor, would converse freely upon his favorite topic. My instructor being well acquainted with the history of the colonies, and other circumstances of recent date, took pleasure in answering every enquiry upon the subject.

Frequently he would read to my father some interesting accounts respecting the country, which was so congenial with my feelings, that I listened with strict attention, and treasured up all he read, so that when the period arrived,

which put an end to my opportunity for instructions, it was evident I had improved almost as much in my knowledge of American *manners and customs*, as in any department of science. After leaving my instructor, and being in consequence, deprived of that source of information, I procured a work entitled the "*Emigrant's Guide*," which I read at every opportunity, which offered itself, wherein I could avoid notice and detection. The only place, wherein I felt safe, in reading *my book about America*, was at church ; (to which place I used to carry it hid under my clothes) where, seating myself in some distant part, read most assidously, accounts which added fuel to the flame already existing in my bosom.

As offensive as this course may appear to my reader, I was compelled to adopt it, from a vehement desire to learn all I could about the country, and to keep my book from the knowledge of my father, who would have deprived me of it, had he known I had it.

About this time, a neighboring gentleman, by the name of Westmoreland, came to the resolution of trying his fortune by emigration, My father was intending to accompany him, but my mother positively refusig, on account of her health, he declined. This however did not retard Mr. W., who proceeded on his journey early in the spring, and after a short and pleasant passage landed in Philadelphia. The sudden change he experienced from the moderate heat of England to the scorching sun of

Pennsylvania had no small effect upon his constitution, and made him wish himself at home. In short, the difference was so great as to lead him to prefer decidedly the home he had left, to the country of his adoption, and to beget a resolution to return as soon as possible. His communications to his friends evinced this resolution on his part, which information was so unexpected to my father, that he would scarcely credit the report, and he waited impatiently to hear what would be the result of his visit. As it happened, he did not wait long, for one day being engaged at harvesting in a field, through which ran a foot-path, leading from Boston to other sectional parts of the country, and within a short distance of that place, I espied an individual approaching towards us, resembling in gait and appearance, the gentleman in question. I remarked to my father that Mr. W. was coming. He looked as if scarcely able to credit his senses, but as he approached, acknowledged it was him. We waited impatiently for his arrival, when coming near the spot where we were labouring, (as it was close by the path) he shouted "*ah Lighton, I'll tell you all about America!*" After shaking hands and congratulating each other, he proceeded to give us the promised information, and presented us with several curiosities, among which, I well remember, was a *tortoise*. "There," said he, "if you go to *America* you will have to live on these creatures, as they are very plentiful and constitute a favorite *dish*

with the *Americans!*" He strongly urged my father to give up all intention of emigrating, urging many discouragements, among which, one was, that the people were grievously tormented with musquetoes and flies, which he said had so tormented him that during many nights he could not sleep.

This description did not at all correspond with my father's views, and he supposing the gentleman more at fault than the country, laconically observed, after they had parted, "*that he thought his back was too strait,*" signifying he did not love work, which was probably the case. However, these circumstances only made me the more anxious to visit the country and satisfy myself with respect to the validity of his statements, as I had learned by what I had read it was quite the reverse of what he represented.

In consequence of this, together with many other youthful excitements, I had now become a source of much painful uneasiness to my parents. My disposition became unsettled, and I felt anxious to enter upon new scenes. The mighty conflict between passion and reason now commenced its predominant influence upon my mind, and such was its effect, that nothing but the power and grace of God could have subdued it. I stood exposed to the fascinating power of principle, exciting to disobedience, &c., a principle so powerful that all the efforts of parental discipline failed to subdue it, and which eventually led me into many difficulties and dangers.

The period which succeeds between early youth and manhood, on various accounts, is one of the most dangerous in human life. It is then that the passions are most virulent and ungovernable, and that they struggle most furiously for pre-eminence. It is then that the voice of pleasure, with its charming note, is most likely to captivate and lure the youthful mind. And it is then that the future character of the man is most generally formed, and his future usefulness in life determined. Here let me pause, and speak a little to the young reader. Let me advise you to be cautious how you proceed, with regard to your life and conduct, while you are in the dangerous path of youth. Be careful that thou follow not the propensities of thy own heart, that thou mayest never be the dupe of vain and unmanly passions. Take that necessary and worthy piece of advice, which Solomon, the wise man gives us, viz. "*Keep thy heart with all diligence ;*" for the important reason assigned is, "*for out of it are the issues of life.*" Prov. 4, 23. Whatever you neglect, or overlook, be sure to keep your heart. For it is the great seat of principles, and if once bad ones become established, it is like "cutting off a right hand" and "plucking out the right eye," to root them out. Therefore, be watchful. Narrowly observe all its inclinations and aversions—all its motions and affections, together with the several objects and occasions which excite them. For remember, as our heart is, so will the tenor of our *life* and

conduct be. As is the fountain, so are the streams; as is the root, so is the fruit. May God help the precious reader to be wise!

My parents feeling deeply solicitious for my welfare, and perceiving it would be impossible to effect my reformation by keeping me at home with them, resolved to put me out to some place that I might gain some instruction from the hand of experience. Accordingly a suitable place was procured for me at a respectable farmer's about twelve miles distant. I staid there but a short time, for the reason my master was not in need of me as a servant, and no agreement existing between my master and father, I left, and returned home to the parental roof. My parents not knowing the cause of my leaving, and unwilling to credit my report, were very much displeased at my return, insomuch, my life became a burden and home disgusting.

In the spring of 1819, I was again put out to service at some distance from home. The family were remarkably strict in their attention to the externals of religion, but like the Pharisees, they were strangers to its vital power and operations upon the heart. Among other things, they insisted upon a punctual attendance at the house of God on the part of their dependents, a request I willingly complied with. Although thus careful to appear pious, they were the victims of passion. Hence, my master upon the slightest offence would be extremely angry and censure with unsparing violence; in consequence of which, I became disconten-

ted and dissatisfied, and yet, I durst not complain. My complaints were shut up within my own bosom. I became dejected and gloomy, forlorn and miserable. I thought of home, yet I knew if I returned thither, my case would not be improved. My parents, instead of sympathising with me, would be angry and treat me with coldness. How often did I sigh for a mother's tender and affectionate care, but alas! my mother was in her grave! As our acquaintance increased, my master became more odious to me, and his conduct more tyrannical. For the most insignificant trifles, he swore and threatened, as if an evil spirit possessed him, until the situation of a galley-slave appeared preferable to mine. For a while, I strove to be obedient to endure his insults, and remain until my term of service (one year) should expire. But passion and discontent gained the ascendency, and I at length gave way to a careless and neglectful manner in order to induce him to dismiss me. My measure had its desired effect. One morning as I went out to take care of his sheep, (*being shepherd boy*,) which was the first duty of the day, I purposely loitered by the way, so that I did not return so early as I should have done. On coming near the house, my master met me with his volley of abuse, and after exhausting his stock of oaths threatened to kick me over a *ten feet wall*, which I thought would be doing well, as it might serve as a preventative of future troubles provided we both kept our respective sides.

However, I made no reply until he ordered me to follow him to the house and he would discharge me immediately; a command, which I informed him I would implicitely obey.

Upon this he moderated his passion, and tried to persuade me to stay, promising to use me better in future; I was, however, proof to all his entreaties, and utterly refused all, and every term of reconciliation, and having received about thirty shillings as the wages of my servitude; left him, and pursued my way towards Boston, resolving to go any where, rather than to return home.

My way led through a distant part of my father's parish, and unwilling to be detected, I took up my lodging some part of the day, in a dry ditch where I slept soundly, notwithstanding a heavy shower of rain which fell that afternoon. Towards night, I resumed my journey, and meeting a shepherd boy, who was acquainted with my brothers, I sent word by him to my parents, that I had left the employ of Mr. H., and had gone to a distance, to seek another situation. Upon arriving at Boston, I sought the shelter of a tavern, but on entering it observed some of my father's neighbors. Fearful of discovery, I left it in haste, and sought a place of greater security. Having passed the night very much dejected, I proceeded in the morning early, towards Spilsby, where I arrived in the evening. The next morning I left the place, in company with a drover, who persuaded me to accompany him

to a cattle fair, to which I consented. From this place, he hired me to go with him to Horncastle, a place at some distance, to assist him to drive a drove of cattle. Stopping at a tavern for refreshment, on the way, I engaged with the landlord to become his groom, after my return from Horncastle. After a day's hard travel, the evening beheld me, drover and cattle, safely lodged at the before named place. The drover here seemed to forget the services I had rendered him, and treated me as a perfect stranger, and the only return I received was a piece of dry bread. Feeling myself abused, and having no disposition to retaliate, I retired to bed, where, after musing on the ingratitude of man, and other subjects, suited to my temper of mind, I fell asleep, and for a while, forgot my sorrows and perplexities.

Early in the morning I took leave of Horncastle, and proceeded to my new employment, gathering, as I went along, the fruits kind heaven has bestowed on man, and this constituted my chief support through the day. Upon arriving at my new master's, he made me acquainted with the duties devolving upon me, requiring a strict attention to, and a serious care of all committed to my keeping. These injunctions I strove to obey in the strictest manner, sparing neither time nor pains to put them into effect. But I soon discovered that fault-finding, was with him a distemper, which probably, had been incorporated with his nature, and which had made it impossible for do-

mestics to remain long in his employ. The necessity of my case induced me to bear his tyranny as patiently as possible until he became so disgustingly harsh and morose that I determined to seek employment at some other place. My state, indeed, was but very little better than that of a slave; my life being one continual scene of toil and labor, without cessation. Even the holy Sabbath brought me no relief, as on that day, I had to take a horse to a clergyman, four miles distant, and return on foot, before breakfast; and in the evening to go on foot to bring it back again. Added to this, I was not supplied with wholesome food, my diet consisting of a little meat, half boiled, and bread made of the coarsest materials, scarcely baked, and so full of coals that I thought they made it up with a paddle-stick, and threw it on the ash-heap to receive a moderate scorching. This, together with the cruel abuse I suffered continually from my master, made my situation almost intolerable. One morning, my master having abused me most unmercifully, I went to a neighboring clergyman, who was a magistrate, in order to obtain redress. Unfortunately, he was from home or, (as I was afterwards informed,) he would have assisted me in procuring it, as he had long been acquainted with the brutal manner he had treated his dependents. I applied to the next justice, a gentleman of high rank, who, instead of assisting me, indignantly expressed his surprise, that a boy of my age, should have the presumption to

prosecute a man, whose superior influence, he said, would *crush* me in defiance of all that I could say or do. He said he "suspected that I was as deep in the mud as my master was in the mire," and that I "*had better go home and tell my master to get a stick and give me a good flogging!*" As might be expected, I was no more pleased with the justice's mode of *law dealing*, than with his insulting expressions; and amused myself, as I returned back to my place, with the consideration, that had I the means, I would get a warrant for both, and *crush* them instead of their *crushing* me.

I should have left this tyrant of an innkeeper immediately, had it not been for an existing obligation, by which it was agreed that a month's notice should be given by either party, previous to separation. However, I gave him immediate notice I should leave his service in one month, according to agreement. During this last month of my service I was discovered in the following providential manner. One day, being employed as usual, a boy came and questioned me about my home and parents, in such a manner as showed him to be acquainted with my circumstances. From him I learnt, that it was intended, by a gentleman in the neighborhood, to write to my father concerning my situation, and that I might expect my father after me. To avoid this, I promised to write myself, which I accordingly did, giving a true and circumstantial account of my proceedings, promising to return home, as soon as my time

of hire should be expired. This however, I did, not because I meant to return home, but because I could not bear the idea of having my father come to carry me thither. The reader is perhaps wondering how the boy just mentioned, became aware of my condition. With his patience, I will show him. It will be remembered that I sent word by a shepherd boy, to my parents, at the time I absconded, a considerable period elapsed before they received it, which they no sooner did, than they were filled with anxiety and consternation. My father visited the gentleman with whom I had lived, who informed him I had left his service about two months since, with a design, as he supposed, of returning home. Upon hearing this, what were the agonies of his parental bosom can only be conceived by those who have recreant sons. When he thought of my youth, my inexperience, and my danger, wandering about the country, exposed, for ought he knew, to hunger, storm and nakedness, and more than this, to the wiles of sharpers, and the calls of vice. He trembled for my safety, and offered many a prayer for my preservation. Sleep was banished from his pillow, or if it came, it was only to perplex him with dreams of horror and visions of his lost son, surrounded with danger, or engulphed in misery. He made every possible inquiry, but without success, until at a party, in his neighborhood, he happened to mention the subject; a gentleman from the place where I was living, who was on

a visit to his friends, was one of the party, observed that a boy answering the description given, was living at a Mr. H's, as a groom: upon which he was requested to make inquiry, and forward what information he could, as speedily as convenient. The result of this request, the reader has seen in the preceding page.

After my father had heard from me, he sent twice by two different gentlemen, to ascertain my circumstances, relieve my wants, and importune me to return home. But though I was needy, I was nevertheless, proof to all their kindnesses and my parents love. Young reader, may God grant, you may never be guilty of a breach of parental obedience! My time at length expired, and I left Mr. H., but dreading to meet my father's frown, I did not return home, notwithstanding my promises, but went to work as a day laborer, in the outskirts of the town. In this despicable situation I remained for some time, but wages being low, and labor scarce, it was with difficulty I procured a scanty subsistance, which induced me to leave the place for the purpose of offering myself as a *soldier*.

Before I take leave of this town, (the name of which I have forgotten) I cannot forbear relating one anecdote. While acting as groom, I was sent one morning to the lodge of a neighboring gentleman, when I obtained permission to visit his hunting establishment. It contained a pack of hounds, (fifty-two is called a

pack,) which were all accommodated with lodging, in a spacious and well arranged building called a Dog-kennel; in which was a cook house, and servants to keep every thing in order in relation to these animals; so much so, that thousands of poor men in the kingdom would think themselves happy with a far less share of provision and comfort. Upon entering, I found abundance of *oatmeal-pudding*, prepared for their entertainment, and a large stock of the raw material, awaiting their consumption. Being remarkably fond of oatmeal, and hungry withal, I commenced eating the raw material, and filling my *mouth* and *hands* with it, was about to leave the establishment, when the cook removed the cover from a huge boiler, filled with horse flesh, the effluvia of which, so affected my olfactory nerves as to empty my mouth, stomach and hands of their plenteous store of oatmeal, with which they had been so liberally filled. Since that time, *oatmeal* has been my abhorrence.

I now left for Horncastle, as I have stated, to seek a place in my country's service, thinking there to find support and comfort. I soon found the recruiting party belonging to the second regiment of life guards, and offered myself to them, but was rejected as being too short. Determined not to be disappointed, I set out for Lincoln. The weather being severe and stormy, as a heavy and deep snow had fallen, followed by rain, I found it very difficult travelling. In consequence of the inclemency

of the season, the road I travelled was almost lined, in some places, with game; such as partridges, pheasants, &c.; which were so tame, a man might easily have caught them, without much trouble, but for that unrighteous and tyrannical *law* which forbad him, on pain of the severest penalties.

Arriving at Lincoln, I offered myself a second time to a recruiting party, of the 33d Reg. of Infantry, but was rejected on the same principle as before mentioned. These repeated disappointments robbed me of my spirits, and made me the victim of despondency; hope forsook my bosom; prosperity was hidden from my view; poverty, with a ghastly look, stared me in the face; home, with all its pleasures, flitted across my memory, and in the language of the prodigal, I said, "I will arise and go to my father." The next Sabbath, in the afternoon, I arrived at my father's house. My parents received me with joy and kindness, and by their affectionate manner beguiled me into a relation of my troubles and wanderings, at the same time, giving me such advice as parental love deemed necessary for my safety. Would that I had obeyed it; then should I have escaped much of my subsequent sufferings! A few of the next months of my life were spent at home, peacefully and pleasantly. The following summer, a gentleman in an adjoining town applied for my services. I accordingly entered his employ, hoping to experience better treatment than heretofore. But here my hard fortune

followed me. My master, though a professed Christian, was passionate and cruel. Twice during my stay, he whipped me, and that too most unjustly. In the month of September, he was visited with affliction, and during its continuance, I resolved to leave him the first opportunity, notwithstanding my former painful experience in running away.

One day meeting with an old acquaintance, I told him the story of my woes. He persuaded me to go with him to Stamford, to join a militia corps, which was to assemble in a few days for a month's duty. I consented, and immediately returned to my master's for a few articles of clothing, where I found my brother Thomas, who had come to pay me a visit. But framing a hasty excuse, I contrived to persuade him to visit me at some other opportunity, and rejoicing in my iniquity, I soon joined my companion, and we set out together for the aforementioned place.

Thus a second time, I threw myself from the arms of friends, and voluntarily exposed myself to the worst of evils. How thoughtless, how foolish, and how impatient are young people! And how good has God been to me, in causing me to escape the "wiles of the devil," and teaching me the way to repose on the bosom of Jesus Christ.

After a hard day's travel, we stopped at a tavern, when, to my surprise, I learnt that my companion was destitute of money, and depended upon me for support. To meet his requirements, I sold a watch, and before we arrived at

Stamford, my last shilling was changed to gratify his intemperance. Finding that his company would ultimately produce my ruin, I forsook him, and was left alone, in the midst of a large population, whose hardened sympathies were not easily awakened by the language of distress, or the tear of sorrow. I again had recourse to my old method, and offered myself to a regiment in the place, but with the same success as before. Necessity, now induced me to sell every article of clothing which in decency could be dispensed with, and meeting with a youth in circumstances similar to my own, I left Stamford in his company, to travel where fortune or Providence might direct. The trifling sums of money we possessed were soon exhausted, and our last farthing expended for provision, and being unable to obtain employment, we had no other alternative but to throw ourselves on public charity for support. The idea that we were in the situation of common beggars, exposed to the anathemas of those to whom we might apply for aid, was galling in the extreme, but the calls of hunger, becoming more loud and vociferous, we presented ourselves at the door of a wealthy farmer, and with a piteous tone, told our affecting tale, but his heart, rendered hard by familiarity with distress, refused to be melted, and, with every indication of displeasure, he bid us go our way. Thus failed, in our first attempt, we proceeded on our journey, faint and weary; and, in all probability, might have sunk from exhaustion, had not my companion found

a distant relation of his, in that part of the country through which we passed, from whom we obtained a *morsel*, the old woman (his relative) being any thing but a cheerful giver. We arrived that night at Sleaford, a populous town, ornamented with elegant modern buildings, ancient edificies, the remains of gothic splendors, and beautiful, in no small degree, with the most delightful of nature's productions. But alas! to me all was uninteresting and sad; for out of the numerous habitations, not one afforded me shelter; out of the prolific stores of food it contained, not one morsel offered itself to meet my pressing wants. I felt solitary, amid the hundreds who flocked along the busy streets. I sighed for my father's house.

After some consultation, we agreed to seek a shelter under the roof of some friendly inn, though conscious that we had not wherewith to pay our bills, and unwilling to cheat to any amount, we retired to bed without any thing to eat for supper. But, so great was our fatigue, that we slept but little, and when the first beams of the morning shed their rays into our chamber, we rose, and with much trepidation, descended the stairs, when, finding none but the domestics of the house stirring, we bade them prepare breakfast by the time of our return from a short walk; but we took a road we never retraced, and thus cheated them out of their due for our accommodation. Here again, my companion discovered an old acquaintance, from whom we obtained a hearty meal.

We now shaped our course to Lincoln, being obliged to beg our support on the way. We applied for relief at a rich gentleman's house, the lady of which, gave us such a supply of food, that it sustained us through the day. Late in the evening we entered the city, and adopted the same measure for a lodging, as before, but with less success. For on leaving the house in the morning, we were pursued by some of the family and overtaken, but after receiving a severe reprehension, were permitted to proceed.

Lincoln, the capital of Lincolnshire, is one of the most noted cities in England, that induces me to speak a little about it here, which may not be uninteresting to the reader. "It is seated on the side of a steep hill on the Witham, which here divides into two streams. It had formerly, fifty churches, now reduced to thirteen, besides the Cathedral. The Cathedral is admired for its interior architecture, which is the richest, and lightest Gothic style, and its great bell, called Tom, of Lincoln, requires twelve men to ring it."

Leaving this place we were completely discouraged. Our hearts sunk within us. We talked about home, and its former comforts, until we were filled with grief, and mortified at our disappointments, and yet, seeing no way to prosper, we agreed to go back to our parents. With aching hearts and wearied limbs we commenced our journey homewards, pursuing our way in gloomy silence, for our sorrows were

too big for utterance. On the way, I was fortunate to hire out to a gentleman who also took pity on us and gave us something to eat. I agreed to return and fulfil my engagaements on Monday, the following week. He gave me a shilling, as *earnest money*, on which we subsisted the rest of the way home. Upon arriving near my father's, my companion left me and I saw him no more

Being left alone, I retired to a lonely spot, where, in happier days, I had indulged in many a flight of youthful fancy. But now, dejection sat upon my brow, and sorrow brooded around my heart. The solemn stillness of nature accorded with my feelings, and seemed to sympathize in my distress. Here I stayed, absorbed in deep reflection, until the appearance of my brother Thomas, aroused me to a sense of my situation. His presence, for a while, soothed my feelings, until he informed me that my father was highly incensed against me for my rebellious conduct. Then my grief became insupportable, and I scarcely dared make my return known to the rest of the family. At length I ventured to appear before my offended father, who was so charged with grief and passion, that he treated me with the most distant coldness. He talked to me seriously, as though he was doing it for the last time; and gave me some very strict injunctions in regard to my future life and conduct, to which I promised implicit obedience.

It being on the Sabbath day, when I arrived

at home, I was under the necessity of returning back to my place on the morrow, as it was the time I had agreed upon with the gentleman by whom I was hired. I accordingly informed my father of my engagement, and stated my wish was to fulfil my obligation, to which he answered in an angry manner, "*that I might go, and he wished I never would come back again, for he never wanted to see me more, and he cared not where I went, or what became of me!*" This answer of my father, and the feelings he manifested towards me, stung me to the very heart. Indeed it was like the shock of a thunderbolt. It rendered me powerless to say or do any thing that might atone for the grief I had occasioned him. I wished for the hour of separation as one that was anxious to be delivered from a heavy doom. I thought too, as he possessed such feelings towards me, I never could occasion him any more trouble by returning home, but would, (if I could not succeed in domestic service,) enter the service of my country, or go to some foreign part, rather than home.

Early in the morning, I was visited by Mr. Ingram, a neighboring gentleman of advanced age, who reasoned with me, and counselled me as a tender father, telling me for my encouragement, my father's design to settle me in business, as soon as my age and experience in the world would be commendable. After presenting me with a small sum of money, he took his farewell of me and we parted. While I was

meditating on what he had said and done for me, I was met by my father, who I perceived still retained the same feelings towards me. He was about to attend some business from home, and was all prepared to proceed, when we met again for the last time, and parted without saying a word. I gazed upon him as he receded from me in hopes he would return and give me one consolitory word, together with his farewell advice; but he passed on and left me in cruel silence. Since which time I have never had the satisfaction to see him!

This, to me, was worse than death. To be treated with neglect by one who had always been one of the kindest of fathers. My soul was pained, though I could not but attribute it to my own folly, and misconduct. And now, dear young reader, permit me to give you a word of advice and caution, on this important subject; viz. obedience to parents. If you enjoy them, it is your duty to obey them. They are the authors of your being, and under God, have been the means of your preservation. They have afforded you all in their power, to make you respectable in life. Then love them for it. Remember there is a degree of affectionate respect which is due to parents, that no person else can properly claim. For a considerable time, parents stand, as it were, in the place of God to their children; and therefore, rebellion against their lawful commands, has been considered as rebellion against God. How then can you expect mercy from him, until you

obey your parents? Nay, you never will find mercy from him whose injunction is, "Children obey your parents in the Lord," until you are fully resolved to obey this important principle. See Col. iii. 20. Eph. vi. 1. Matt. xv. 4. Exod. xx. 12.

The disregard of this requirement is the cause of a vast proportion of the individual wretchedness, sorrow, misery and death, found in the world. Most who come to an untimely end, are obliged to confess, that *this*, with the *breach of the Sabbath*, were the principal *causes of their ruin*. Reader! art thou guilty? Take timely warning, humble thyself, therefore, before God, and repent, or thou wilt be damned for ever. From such a curse, may God save us all!

After breakfast my mother informed me of her intention to accompany me as far as Boston. Accordingly we prepared for our departure, when I took an affectionate farewell of the family, telling my brother Thomas in particular, I should not see them at least, for ten years. They joined in giving me expressions of regard, and I left the endearing circle. But O! what were my feelings? I cannot describe them. My heart sunk within me; and I was led to give vent to my feelings in a flood of grief, as I looked back for the last time, to take a farewell view of the beloved *home* of my youth. As my mother and myself proceeded in company, she improved her time in giving the best advice of which she was capable. Upon arriving at

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THE PARTING SCENE.

Boston, she purchased for me a suit of clothes, and then accompanied me into the church-yard —there in solitude to take her last embrace of her wayward child. That sacred spot—that lonely grave-yard, is still impressed upon my memory. It was there, my mother pressed her last warm kiss of affection to my burning cheeks; there I received her last embrace; there I heard her last words. They still float upon my ears, even now do I seem to hear her last expression—"Farewell my son, be a *good* boy."

> A mo'hers's love, how strong it binds!
> Like heavenly bliss, 'tis sweet, and dear,
> 'Tis there distress, a solace, finds,
> Her love we trust without a fear.

We parted on this delightful spot, that is yet dear to my memory. The solemnity of the place, together with the affecting scene of separating, had such a lasting and powerful charm that it has rendered the grave-yard a desirable retreat for pious meditation. The last faltering accents which fell from her quivering lips will ever be remembered with strong sentiments of affectionate regard. O, there was a sacred sweetness which I felt in her voice, as she uttered her last words, that has such a charm upon my soul, that the age of time will never erase! And, could I reward her for the love and kindness she shewed me, in this my never forgotten trouble, I would, with the utmost pleasure and delight, seize the first moments

of such a desirable privilege, and tender my services at her feet!

'And are the moments past,
The loved ones flown—
And must we part at last
To weep alone?
Shall friendship's wreath untwine,
Its roses fade—
And all I once called mine
In death be laid?

Yet—time hath hurried by,
We part in tears.
The wreath is sore and dry,
No more it cheers;
But memory o'er the urn
Of past joys moves,
And speaks in words that burn
Of those she loves.

And we shall meet again,
Thou wounded dove,
For ever to remain
In bowers above:—
There heavenly anthems swell
Like piping winds—
And peace and union dwell
In holy minds.'

Being left alone, I pursued my way with diligence, though deeply affected with the thought that I should see my home no more. The country I passed through was beautiful and sublime. It presented a rich and lovely scenery rarely equalled, that in some measure, had a tendency to remove that gloomy feeling of which I was the subject. I travelled a number of miles along the banks of the beautiful Witham, which afforded me much pleasure and delight. On my way, I employed myself in

forming resolutions to behave myself for the future, in the most discreet and consistent manner, in whatever situation I might be placed.

Early in the evening I arrived at the place of my destination, where I was kindly and affectionately received by the gentleman who had employed me, and was quickly enstalled in my new station. My master was single, respectable, and temperate. His family consisting only of himself and house-keeper, a most lovely woman, whom I soon loved and esteemed as a mother. I now thought that I should be happy and contented to spend many years in so comfortable a situation. But alas! how delusive are all created things! An unexpected and unlooked for occurrence took place which blasted my hopes, and dashed the cup of comfort from my lips, and threw me once more, a wanderer, upon the wide world. It happened that the mother of this gentleman paid him a visit. She was a most unhappy woman, and a notorious scold. No sooner had she arrived, than she commenced her well-contracted method of censuring, and scolding all that came in her way. Her hideous strain commenced in the morning, and ceased but with the day, when it devolved upon me to accompany her to her home, which was a short distance from my master's house. And such was the old lady's disposition, that during the few minutes it occupied to conduct her home, she would pour on me a volley of abuse the most unmerciful that

ever dropped from the lips of woman kind, especially from those possessing her rank in life. Indeed I was glad when I had brought the old lady to her own door, and thus freed myself from the company of an abominable old scold. It was my comfort, on my way back to reflect that she had at least, partial reward in the misery which is consequent upon the possession of so vile a disposition. "A man who has such a woman for his wife, is like a tenant who has got a *cottage* with a *bad roof*, through every part of which, the rain either *drops* or *pours*. He can neither *sit*, *stand*, *work*, *eat*, *drink* or *sleep* without being exposed to these *droppings!* Miserable is the man who is in such a case, with either *house* or *wife!*"

The effect of this scolding was that the house-keeper left her situation; and her place was supplied by one the very opposite of herself, and the exact counterpart of our old scold. She from some cause or other, conceived a dislike towards me, and consequently, poured volumes of complaints against me into the ears of my employer, who believed the whole, with no other evidence than her assertion. I was thus doomed to be deprived of my situation; for one morning he called me, and presented me with the miserable sum of one shilling, (which was all I received for about six weeks work) and told me I might consider myself dismissed from his service.

With this small sum I left for Lincoln, where I spent the following night; from thence, after

disposing of such articles of clothing as I could best spare to obtain means to travel with, I went to Doncaster, and from thence to Leeds in Yorkshire. I found much here to afford amusement, and to divert my mind from my lonely situation, so long as my money lasted; but when that was gone every hope fled with it. Hence the old proverb—"a man may as well be without his *brains* as without *money* in England." But before I take leave of this place I will just stop to mention the peculiar character of the market; which will no doubt, be interesting to many of my young inquiring readers. Leeds has been a long time famous for the woollen manufacture, and is one of the largest and most flourishing towns in the country. The market is perhaps one of the finest in the world. The mode of doing business is indeed peculiarly striking. "At 6 o'clock in the summer, and about 7 in the winter the market bell rings; upon which, in a few minutes, without hurry, noise, or the least disorder, the whole market is filled, all the benches covered with cloth, as close to one another as the pieces can lie longways; each proprietor standing behind his own peace. As soon as the bell has ceased ringing the factors and buyers, of all sorts, enter the hall, and walk up and down between the rows, as their occasions direct. When they have pitched upon their cloth, they lean over to the clothier, and by a whisper, in the fewest words imaginable, the price is stated. One asks, the other bids, and

they agree or disagree in a moment. In a little more than an hour all the business is done, ten or twenty thousand pound's worth of cloth, and sometimes more, are bought and sold with a whisper only; the laws of the market here being more strictly observed than at any place in England." The rich and splendid gas works, by which the town is lighted up throughout at night, make no small addition to its beauty.

During my stay here, I was indefatigable in my efforts to obtain employment, but all was in vain. I was sadly situated now, as winter was approaching, and to be friendless and moneyless during the inclement season of the year, would be at once dangerous and painful. To avoid this, I visited Wakefield and Barnsley, two noted towns, but with no better success, except that I made out to obtain a few days work. Upon this, I returned to Leeds, as the *fair* was about to commence, hoping to gain some small employment during that season of noise and bustle. After having spent a few days in a fruitless search for work, during which time I subsisted on charity, and seeing how small a prospect existed of my escaping starvation, I determined once more to try my fortune at enlistment, as being compelled to it from *absolute necessity*.* I accordingly made applica-

*Necessity often compels us to do things that are repugnant to our feelings and interest; and which we would not do, were we relieved from the necessity of doing it, merely for the preservation of life, and its enjoyments. Thus it was, and probably is now the case with vast numbers of the honest and industrious poor of England, who, after they have been driven to destitu-

tion to the Sergeant of the 33d Regiment, who enlisted me for the 6th Regiment, which was then lying at Leeds. I was immediatly marched before the Colonel, and officers of the Regiment, and passed the standard, but on being more circumspectly examined, I was pronounced unfit for service, being half an inch shorter than the height required by law for soldiers of that Regiment. The Colonel jocosely answered, on my rejection, that if I wished to be a soldier, I must "go home and *grow a little more*, after which, he should have no objection against taking me."

Disappointed, I next went to York, a city noted for its splendid cathedral, which is reckoned the most elegant and magnificent Gothic structure in the kingdom—that in Lincoln perhaps excepted. Passing from thence to the next town I found the people in a state of tumult and disorder, being engaged in burning an effigy of the reigning king, (George IV.) whose cruelty and baseness towards his wife, (Caroline) had drawn upon him the odium and contempt, not only of his own subjects, but of every feeling and enlightened man in the world, who had become fairly acquainted with the subject. Calling at a tavern, I was informed that a recruiting Sergeant was stationed there for the night; upon which, I decided to try once more to become a soldier, for I was now

tion, through the scarcity of labor and the oppression of government, enlist for soldiers as an asylum to screen them from their impending miseries.

in the most deplorable situation, being entirely destitute of money, or friends. I retired to bed faint and weary, not having had much to eat during the day, and no means of procuring a supper at night. When morning arrived, I procured a large quantity of paper, and cutting it to the shape and size of my feet, *for I was determined not to be too short this time*, drew on my stockings, and thus *heightened*, went again to undergo a dread ordeal. Placing myself beneath the standard, I seemed tall enough, and should have passed had it not been for the scrutiny of the sergeant: Said he, "are your stockings thick?" I replied, No: Upon which he went to examining the bottoms of my feet, with as much care as if he had been afraid of *taking the itch*. My contrivance was of course discovered, and I was dismissed with a reprimand so severe, that it taught me to be cautious how I used paper to add to my growth.

Passing from thence, on my way to the next town, I entered a tavern, in hopes to obtain something from the hand of charity. I had not been there long before I was noticed by a gentleman, who perceiving my dejection, took pity on me, and in some measure relieved my wants. He said he was in want of a young man to enter for him as a substitute in the militia, and would give four pounds bounty to any one who would engage. On enquiring if I was willing to engage for him, I told him I was, when an immediate agreement was entered into, and I returned home with the gentleman,

who hired my board until the day the staff officers met for swearing in their subjects, which was about a week. The day arrived, when, after due inspection, I was sworn, and my name enrolled to serve five years, during the war, in the North York militia. After every thing had been completed as respected my enlistment, a very unexpected turn took place in the mind of my substitutor, who, after all I could say or do, would not pay me but two pounds—half the sum agreed upon, but said he would pay the other half when the regiment assembled for duty.* Dissatisfied and somewhat vexed withal, I promised within myself I would never meet to do duty for him, but would go into some other part of the kingdom.

Accordingly the next morning I left the gentleman, militia and all behind, and mounted the stage, in order to go to London, in which I was soon carried to Stamford, and from thence I proceeded on foot to Huntingdon, where falling in company with a young man, who had recently visited the great metropolis, he dissuaded me from my design of going thither, on the ground of my inexperience, and the danger to which I should consequently be exposed in that laboratory of vice and crime.

* The method pursued in England, with the militia corps, is different from that pursued in America. There they only draft so many out of each town, which is but few in number, and each Regiment assembles one month every year to regular duty. During which term government provides them with a suit of regimental uniform, gun and equipments, and receives the same back at the end of the term of their service.

I now turned my vacillating steps towards Coventry, when I again began to experience much evil in my circumstances and while in this situation, almost entirely destitute, far from friends and in the midst of a people who would take but little, if any pity at all upon me, I submitted myself to the most painful train of reflections. Despair was depicted in my feelings, while melancholy with her train of depressive gloom, became my abiding companion. As I was travelling in the dusk of one beautiful evening, I fell in company with a young man to whom I related my sufferings. He (the young man) perceiving my trouble, and dejection of mind, spake comforting, and gave me good counsel that had some happy effect upon my feelings, which will induce me to remember him, and the interview, with pleasure. Just after we had parted, a post chaise passed me going in the direction of C., when without hesitation, I jumped on, unobserved by the coachman, and soon arrived at the place of my destination.

The same evening I sought to obtain relief, but in vain, until I thought I must starve to death, as I had not a penny to help myself with; and after forming a resolution to offer myself for the army, I made inquiries of a man if there was a recruiting party in the place, he informed me there was, and knowing he should obtain a small *sum* from the *sergeant*, for his trouble in case I enlisted, went immediately with me to their *rendezvous* and introduced me to a sergeant of the staff corps.

After some inquiry into my circumstances, the officer gave me a penny's worth of bread, with a little cheese and beer, which was principally all I had eaten that day, and travelled about thirty miles. In the morning the sergeant before he had enlisted me, took me to the standard, but found I was half an inch too short for any regiment in the service, *save one*, which was the 60th Rifles. He said he would enlist me for that regiment, as I should not be able to enter in any other. After many a flaming description of the pleasures of a soldier's life, and telling me withal, that the regiment was then stationed in *America*, I eagerly seized the opportunity to enlist from the fond anticipation that I should see a country so famous, and to which my eager disposition craved to travel, as the reader has been already informed.

Being pronounced fit for service, I was the next day taken before an officer for the purpose of taking oath, or what is generally termed swearing in. The gentleman asked me how long I would serve; whether for a limited term, or for life; to which I deliberately replied *I would serve during life.** The oath was then

* This was one of the most imprudent steps I could possibly have taken, to *inlist for life*: as it involved me into a perpetuity of misery and suffering all my days. But the candid reader, after considering well my case, will not remain long at a loss to answer every inquiry he may make respecting it. The reason why I did so is too plain and obvious. I was in the first place an inexperienced boy. In the second place I was courted by flatterers who might be said to seduce me by their bewitching descriptions of a soldier's life; who after they had enlisted me (for which they received a small bounty for every recruit) cared

sealed, **and I was delivered up to military command. Thus, at the age of fifteen, on the 6th of December, 1820, I became a soldier in His Britannic Majesty's 60th rifle corps.**

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nothing more about me. In the third place, and most important of all, I had occasioned great trouble to my parents, my father especially, through my disobedience. Therefore, to have returned home would have incurred a heavier censure; and made him more angry, and my life more miserable. I had therefore resolved never more to return. Added to this the misery and entire destitution of my circumstances, and the deep trouble of mind of which I was then the unhappy subject, I inconsiderately without any regard to the future threw myself away, and to repeat my *father's* words, "*I cared not what became of me.*" How rash, and how imprudent are young people! and yet how merciful is God to bear with their rebellion! Young reader beware! These were the reasons why I was led to *enlist* for *life*. I have therefore now one favor to ask of the reader, whether he be a child or a parent; that before he casts his censure upon me for my imprudent move, he will stop, and rather than inflict it, he will cover my youthful folly with a mantle of mercy, as he may have children whom through the passion of youth and the treachery of flatterers may be led to a similar evil. May God grant that *parents* may never know the sorrows and troubles arising from disobedient children! Hear this ye parents, train up your offspring in the fear of God. Begin with them from their cradle, and impress *obedience* at this early period of their existence. Distill the holy principles of the *Bible*, and of the *glorious religion* of *heaven*, when the mind is young and tender; for it is then the most susceptible of receiving that knowledge, and wisdom which will form the future character of the man, and render him a blessing to society and the world. Let this important duty be perseveringly attended to, and we shall soon see that wretchedness decreasing in the world of which the base and cruel neglect of this duty is its legitimate cause.

But a word to the youth. Young reader, you see what evils follow close upon the heels of the disobedient. Are you of that stamp? If you are, take timely warning from my example, or you will ruin both your soul and body forever. Do you cease to regard the counsel of your parents? If you do, you cease to

The reflection has probably arisen in the breast of the thoughtful reader, that here are many adventures recorded for so young a man to pass through or experience. This I acknowledge, but simply reply, that I have strictly adhered to truth, in the whole of my statements. At the close of this chapter, let me most affectionately tell the discontented youth who reads these pages, that in my early, and subsequent trials, he may see the evils that await him if he allow discontent to have its sway, and perhaps far greater ones than these; for if the author has happily escaped from iniquity and vice to which he was exposed during these wanderings, it is alone through the grace of God who has preserved him.

CHAPTER II.

From the time he enlisted, to his being embodied with his regiment in Montreal, Lower Canada.

I am now commencing a new era of my life, and I would that I were better able to describe the scenes through which I have passed, for even now, I feel my spirit rising to God in adoration and thanksgiving for that Providence which has watched over and protected me in

regard the counsel of God; and miserable indeed is thy soul, if while thou livest thou art not governed by any filial regard to either! Turn then to the path of *obedience*, *virtue*, and *religion*, and so shalt thou secure a long, happy, and blessed inheritance!

all my troubles. In view of the goodness of God to me, in these things, I am constrained to exclaim with David, "*Bless the Lord, O my soul and forget not all his benefits.*"

I remained in Coventry about ten days waiting for the sergeant to complete the number of recruits he was commissioned to raise. These days I spent in visiting the different places of recreation, in company with my fellow recruits. I felt also, much concerned that my parents should know my situation, as they had not heard from me since I left home. But fearing my new scene of life would induce my father to visit me, procure my discharge, and take me home, I staggered to determine what to do. But after a few serious reflections upon this subject, and making *his case my own*, I wrote him a plain account of all that I had done, requesting at the same time an immediate answer, but receiving orders to march the next week, I wrote a second time simply stating the fact of my departure and the place of my destination.

On the morning of our departure, we were paraded before the staff officers, by whom we were asked if we had any just cause of complaint. We answered negatively. Upon which, one of the officers gave us a few words of advice, and caution, which was highly necessary, as almost every man exhibited the utmost enthusiasm and glee. Under the command of an experienced officer we proceeded on our march to the Isle of Wight. Our journey was easy, as we seldom exceeded sixteen miles per day.

However, on our way we met with serious difficulties arising from the incivility of those landlords upon whom we were billetted during our march. To them the sight of a body of recruits was always disgusting, which disgust led them to treat these men in the most shameful, and sometimes almost brutal manner. Hence we were often put into beds, the sight of which would make a decent man shudder, and cause his flesh to crawl. Whenever we received good usage from this quarter, we failed not to treat them in the most respectful manner in return; but on receiving contrary treatment we annoyed them by *hooting* all night like a *party of owls* and careless of threats, and importunity, we constantly kept our ungracious host from *sleep* until the dawn of day bid us take our departure. At one place, when the hour arrived which called us to retire, we were required to follow the landlord, a command we cheerfully obeyed, hoping from the appearance of the place, to meet with comfortable beds and bedding. But our hopes were soon blasted from the continued progression of our march, for he pursued his way through the back yard towards the stables. Indeed each man now looked sorrowful, expecting we were to be *stabled*, like horses. But having taken us through various windings, he at length brought us to an upper loft, connected with some of the out houses, when he left us with the following compliment: "Gentlemen, take which bed you please." Sorrowful sight! To be sure we had a light,

but our light served but to make known the horrors of our worse than *Newgate cell.* Like the moon in a cloudy night, bursting fitfully through the scowling vapors, she serves but to give the benighted traveller a glimpse of the craggy rocks and tremendous dangers which surround him, but afford him no relief from his trouble. So with our light; it served but to increase our disgust, and to make known the character of those who had visited the disagreeable spot before us. The room was large and filthy, containing a number of heaps, from their appearance I should scarcely call them beds. Beds however they were, composed of the coarsest materials and any thing but clean. The walls were black and filthy having been smoked with the flare of the candle and portrayed with the most ghastly images, so abhorrent that they reminded me of the chambers of hell. And indeed I should have pronounced the place a fitter habitation for devils than for rational men. Had I been alone, I should have been alarmed;—as it was, I felt as if I was in the *den* of some *wretched miscreant.* Finding there was no help in the case, from constraint, we submitted, and composed ourselves in the best way we could. Upon the approach of morning we took and heaped bed upon bed into one *filthy pile*, and then prosecuted our march to, and through the city of Oxford, so famed for its university, and also as being the place where many of the followers of Jesus have, amidst flames of fire, "given up the ghost." At an early

hour on the tenth day of our march, we arrived at Southampton, a considerable town deriving its importance from its contiguity to the sea. It was at this place that the reproof of Canute to his flattering courtiers, so often mentioned by writers, is said to have occurred. As it is possible all my young readers may not have read it, for their amusement and instruction I will here relate it.

"As Canute the Great, King of England, was walking on the sea shore at Southampton, accompanied by his courtiers, who offered him the grossest flattery, comparing him to the greatest heroes of antiquity, and asserting that his power was more than human, he ordered a chair to be placed on the beach, while the tide was coming in. Sitting down with a majestic air, he thus addressed himself to the sea:— "Thou sea, that art a part of my dominions, and the land whereon I sit, is mine: no one ever broke my commands with impunity. I, therefore, charge thee to come no farther upon my lands, and not to presume to wet either my feet or my robe, who am thy Sovereign." But the sea, rolling on as before, and without any respect, not only wets the skirts of his robe, but likewise splashed his thighs; on which he rose up suddenly, and addressing himself to his attendants, upbraided them with their ridiculous flattery, and very judiciously expatiated on the narrow and limited power of the greatest monarch on earth. "Flatterers who praise great men, for their imaginary merit, lull them to

sleep to their real miseries." Then reader *beware* of *flattery:* of which the poet says,

"Alas! thy sweet perfidious voice, betrays
His wanton ears, with thy Syrian baits.
Thou wrapp'st his eyes, in mist, then boldly lays,
Thy lethal gins their crystal gates.
Thou lock'st every sense, with thy false keys,
All willing prisoners to thy close deceits,
His ear most nimble, where it deaf should be,
His eye most blind, where most it ought to see.
And when his hearts most bound, then thinks himself
most free."

The hour of our embarkation at length arrived, and after a few hours pleasant sail we landed at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, and proceeded on our march to the garrison, near Newport, at which place we arrived late in the evening. On the day following we were inspected by the board of officers for that purpose, and sent to our respective detachments, where we immediately commenced our new profession. And soon I found my painful experience, that a *soldier's life* was far from being so easy and pleasing as I had been taught to believe. I soon found that toil and fatigue were incident to his life; and that the plea of youth, and inexperience could not be admitted, nor urged as a ground for exemption from duties which my strength was scarcely sufficient to perform. I shall here enter into a few particulars of my experience, that my readers may form some idea of a British soldier's life.

Having fully entered upon this career, I was sent to the field to become minutely acquainted with the duties of my station: and notwith-

standing my ungracefulness at first, I was soon pronounced "*fit for duty.*" In these *schools* for military instruction, were employed men of the most tyrannical dispositions, whose unmerciful proceedings, begat in their scholars, feelings of decided antipathy. Whereas, had they pursued a milder course, they might have secured the good will of all who were placed beneath them. But instead of this, the least offence offered to these myrmidons, was resented with the most brutal ferocity, and often in a manner totally repugnant to the discipline of the Army; which, though severe in itself, does not countenance acts of tyranny on the part of subalterns. Their conduct towards us, had it been known, would have produced an expulsion. But fear bound our lips, and we submitted ourselves to these tyrannical monsters.

But our trouble did not end here. Would that it had, we should not have had so much cause to repine, and mourn. We were absolutely deprived of many of the necessaries of life. Our daily allowance was but one pound of bread; one pound of meat; a pint of soup; and a pint of tea, with three or four potatoes, per man; which in itself was scarcely sufficient had it been of good quality and measure. But they dealt out the *miserable stuff* as choice as if it had been gold. Our bread was composed of the coarsest materials, and such was its adhesive qualities, that if a piece was thrown against the wall, there it would remain.

In consequence of this scanty allowance the

young troops became strongly addicted to pilfering, while many, from a principle of honesty, actually endured the pangs of hunger. So great was the distress, that every article of clothing, that could possibly be spared, was disposed of to procure the necessaries of life. Many of my companions in military adventure, now became anxiously concerned about the future. Some applied to their parents for money to procure their discharge, which many of them obtained.

A very painful circumstance occurred during our stay in this place which made every young soldier lament the sad step he had taken, and almost to wish he had never been born. A very respectable young man, apparently of sober habits, (he was married) was so affected with a sense of the wretchedness into which he had thrown himself, that he wrote to his parents for money to procure his discharge. But unable to procure the necessary means from *them*, he adopted a measure, which not even his pungent distress, and pressing want could possibly justify. He was roomed with the paymaster sergeant of the regiment, and from him he secretly purloined *twenty pounds;* a sum sufficient to effect the desired object, which he enclosed in a letter, directed to his father. The loss, however, was soon discovered. For in lodging it in the post office, the post master having fears respecting it, made inquiry at the source from whence it was missing, and he was according imprisoned, tried by a court martial,

convicted, and sentenced to the cruel and ignominious punishment of three hundred lashes.

During his confinement, driven almost to desperation by his situation, and doubtless while deprived of the right use of his reason, he wrote an instrument with his own blood, in which he swore unhallowed allegiance to the Devil, and expressed his intention of joining confederacy with the prince of darkness, thereby to evade the force of his cruel sentence. This instrument was discovered, and presented to the Adjutant, who after pondering a moment over its mysterious contents, laconically observed, "If the *Devil* is in him *we* will *whip* him out." The morning arrived for the execution of the sentence, and preparations were made for its accomplishment About two thousand troops were marched to the spot, where a square of four men in depth was soon formed. Next arrived the trembling culprit, who was stripped, and tied to a triangle, prepared for the purpose. When the order for commanding punishment was given, the general sympathy of the troops was expressed by a universal groan. Every blow which was inflicted, while it lacerated the back of the culprit, pained the heart of every soldier, and many turned aside from beholding the horrid scene. The bleeding criminal, cried in loud, and piercing accents for pardon, until the oft repeated blows created a deathish numbness upon the flesh and he became insensible to pain. At length, from the loss of blood, which flowed freely from his wound, he fainted, and

was conveyed from the brutal scene to the hospital.

This painful circumstance produced in my mind many a cutting reflection, and gave birth to a fear, that by some unfortunate act, I should bring upon myself a similar punishment. Fain would I have petitioned my father to procure my discharge; but the remembrance of my ungrateful act towards him, prevented me; and I concluded I would bear my ills in silence; consolling myself with the hope of better days when joined to my regiment in Canada.

Another circumstance tended much to militate against our peace. We were not permitted to go, on any account whatever, beyond the sound of the drum. One mile only in circumference, was the extent of territory we were allowed; nor could we travel beyond this limit, without exposing ourselves to the treatment of deserters, which punishment would have been the infliction of seven hundred lashes, or imprisonment, with transportation for life. We had had one specimen of this species of punishment and numbers were then in close confinement, awaiting their fate, with an anxiety almost as painful as the punishment. But notwithstanding these cogent warnings, I was once nearly involved in a like disaster.

One beautiful afternoon, as we were taking a walk through the streets of Newport, near which place we were stationed, the sight of an ancient castle enkindled within us a desire to visit its antiquated walls; which, from report,

we learned had been the place of the confinement of the French prisoners during the war. So solicitous were we to visit this place, that without respect to our restricted limits, we pursued our way towards it, and arrived without interruption at the spot; being then about four miles from the garrison, and three miles beyond the line of our bounds. We were highly gratified with the scenery around the castle—it was strikingly beautiful. But our pleasures were soon intererrupted by a remembrance of the danger to which we were exposing ourselves, and the rapid approach of the hour appointed for our return to duty. But not contented with what we had seen of the exterior, as we walked around it, we resolved if possible, to gain admittance to the interior, as it was famed for the magnificence of its architecture. We accordingly pursued our way through a narrow passage to the first door, which being open, we entered without ceremony, and advanced to a stupendous arch, where was a door of no ordinary size and workmanship, which repelled our united, and most powerful efforts to open, We looked through some crevices, made by the mutilating finger of time, to discover, if possible, what objects were within; but could discover naught, save what appeared to be other doors, equally ponderous as the one which impeded our progress. We next tried to arouse the attention of the inmates, by gently knocking; but receiving no answer, we became more loud in our demands, and pulled lustily upon a rope

to which a bell was attached. But no answer We now grew impatient, especially as our time was growing short, and we at length joined to give one unanimous call for admission ; each soldier taking a stone, and pounding with all his might against the massive doors, which, together with the continued ringing of the bell, reverbrated with a most astounding noise along the vaulted roofs of the building, until its echo became deafening and terriffic, Fearing that the inmates might become touched with resentment at our unseemly behavior, we hastily retired, and just as we passed the outer door, we met an elderly gentleman, who reprimanded us severely for our misconduct and threatened, at the same time, to send for a piquet guard. It was fortunate for us that we had arrived beyond the outer door, else it would have been easy for him to have made us his prisoners, and we had then paid dearly for our adventure. Fearing that he had already sent for a guard of soldiers, for our apprehension, we quickened our pace, and arrived safely within the precints allowed us.

Shortly after, we were again paraded to witness another species of military punishment, which though of a mortifying character, was less tinged with barbarity. It is sometimes called "a drumming out." The individual in question was placed between the ranks of infantry, followed by the musicians, playing the "rogues march." He was thus conducted to the confines of the garrison, where he was left

to pursue his own course, being now disbanded, or freed from the obligations of his oath, and no longer a military subject. This punishment is sometimes inflicted for petty thefts, and incorrigible profligacy. Many of our number would gladly have exchanged situations with him; seeing it delivered him from all the tyranny and suffering, to which he, in common with us, had been exposed. O, how would I have greeted such a punishment. To me it would have been the highest favor they could have conferred upon me! But alas! I could only in imagination trace the road which led to home and all its lost delights; while the reality of my case was like a dagger in my heart. O, miserable prospect! A perpituity of bondage, to cease only with life! An insurmountable barrier placed between me and the enjoyments of social life!

I had not neglected to send my parents an account of the events of my life, withholding only the most painful parts of my experience, lest they should grieve immoderately for their *lost son.* In answer to my first and second letters, I received the following from my father.

Frampton Jan. 1st. 1821.

DEAR SON—I have just received, by one post, both your letters, sent from Coventry; and while I approve of your conduct in writing me concerning your situation, I can but lament your folly in leaving your place, of which I knew nothing until I received your letter, and

your extreme rashness in entering upon a career so humiliating as a soldier's life ; a life attended with intolerable hardships, and what is worse, with every species of profanity, lewdness, and wickedness. I hope you will remember to keep yourself clear of these pernicous practices. You know by this time they are a swearing set ; be sure you never join them in this respect. "*Swear not at all.*" You are now beyond the reach of parental instruction, or at least protection,and your situation,together with the distance which does, and will separate us ; will, undoubtedly, create in future very serious anxiety for your welfare ; and I hope your duty as a child on this point, will be respectfully regarded. I would sincerely advise you to be *good* and *dutiful* to your superiors; submissive to all your officers, and respectful in your deportment, so that I may hear from, and see you again in peace.

Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM LIGHTON.

This letter from my father, paved the way for a regular correspondence, while it removed many fears from my mind, and gave me hopes of better days.

Towards the spring of the year I suffered a little from sickness, which originated in a cold, taken one wet night while upon duty, and, although its symptons were not very alarming, I was conducted to the Hospital, where I was examined, and retained to undergo a course of

medicine. While I remained under medical care, which was about twenty-one days, I underwent more pain and suffering than I had heretofore experienced. I was deprived of my usual provisions, and received as a substitute, a pint of gruel, or rice, with but very little of any other article of consumption. Towards the close of my sickness, I was supplied with articles of food somewhat more substantial, though in too small a quantity, properly to supply the wants of nature. While in this situation, I was visited by my comrade, who after a few words of enquiry concerning my health, presented me with a letter, which proved on being opened, to be from my father, and contained a small sum of money, a most acceptable present in my situation, as it served to procure the means of alleviating my distress.

My health having recovered, I was permitted to return to my duties in the garrison, which was but of short continuance, as the time had nearly arrived when we expected to sail for head quarters in America. Already had orders arrived for a detachment to be sent to the second battalion of the corps, stationed at Halifax, N. S. Previous to the arrival of this order we were called to witness scenes the most heart-breaking and distressing. Many of the new recruits were married men, whose youthful companions had voluntarily followed them,*

* It will be observed, that the prime cause which led these unfortunate individuals to *enlist* into the *Army*, was the general distress then prevalent among the laboring class. Such,

choosing rather to endure with their beloved husbands, the rigors of a military life than to suffer a painful separation, when the commanding officers interfered, and ordered that all the women above a specified number should be forthwith returned to their native homes.

The day arrived when this order was rigorously executed; when the young and innocent wife was *torn* from the beloved embrace of her youthful husband, amid sobs and tears the most touching. Even now, methinks I hear the shrill scream of the women, as with the deepest agony of soul, they took the long, last, affecting farewell. How wild the look of the parent as with a countenance almost like distraction he gazed upon his blooming offspring, which he loved as his own soul. He must now leave them, not to be well provided for, and taken care of, that would be some alleviation, but the soldier can have no such hope, his wife is poor, her family poor, he leaves them then to extreme poverty and destitution. And the poor broken-hearted mother, her case is worse, far worse! She leaves her husband and in leaving him she leaves her all on earth, her only stay in life. And is she at ease? Ah no! The thought of joys, forever gone, destroys her peace. She retains a faint emblem of the father in her child, which only serves to tell he is gone for-

indeed was the scantiness of labor, and the low wages, and the sufferings it occasioned that very many of the most respectable of the poor, were from imperious necessity driven to the army, as an asylum to screen and save them from *threatened* starvation.

ever, or at least separated from her; this is a sorrow which serves to increase her woes,

——————and ends
In human misery profound.

At last she hears that her protector has gone the way of all the earth, and has left her child destitute of every means of support, of every thing calculated to sweeten the bitter cup of life. Without friends or home these children grow up, left to the *tender mercies* of a wicked world; they become common beggars, doomed to suffer the miseries of an ignorant and wretched life; and too often to end that life upon the gallows. With a faint description of these evils before us, may we not pity that power which has so far departed from its original excellence, as to be the cause of these glaring evils. So void of benignity are its supporters that they trample licentiously upon that class of subjects, (the *poor*) from whom they derive their principal support. Thus are merciless tyrants usurping what never belonged to them; and they are evidently determined to stifle every sentiment of respect to a proper administration of the affairs of a suffering nation. O England! the clouds are gathering blackness around thee! Thy once exuberant brightness is now tarnished, and methinks thy fate will end in scenes worse than thy martyrdoms! But may the Lord prevent this calamitous event, and defend thy palaces with princes, and thy courts with noblemen whose characters shall be unblemished! Hoping the reader will pardon

this digression I proceed to offer a few more remarks upon the circumstances I have but faintly depicted.

The reader may have asked the question to himself, was there no prospect that these horror stricken husbands and wives being again united? To this it may be replied not unless they obtained their discharge, and that required a sum they never would be able to pay, on account of their poverty. The attachment of these men appeared to be of the strongest kind, for some of them willfully maimed themselves that they might be considered unfit for service. An instance of this kind I will mention. A young man as he was accompanying his wife to Cowes to take his final leave of her, and apparently under deep concern, requested leave to step aside for a moment, which was granted, when secreting himself beneath a stone bridge, he resolutely cut his *thumb* from his hand with a razor which he had prepared for the purpose, and then throwing both into an adjoining field, he joined the rest of his company. His situation being observed by the officer, he was immediately arrested, and soon after tried by a court martial, and sentenced to be a pioneer in the garrison for life. Thus were this unfortunate couple, with many others, bereft of their early enjoyments, and disappointed in their fondest expectations, torn from each other by ruthless tyrants, whose *tender mercies* were *cruelty*. What must have been the feelings of that young woman when she saw her husband

thus expose his life to gain his liberty and to be her friend, and then to hear of his consignment to a painful and wearisome life. O, wretched life, thought I, 'tis better to be dead than to live! And what may not such cruel, hard hearted monsters expect from the hand of that God who hath said in his holy word, "*What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.*" Matt. xix. 6.

Having now no alleviation from duty, I thought myself in reality a slave; and the thought that it was for life, was almost more than I could bear. The day at length arrived for our embarkation; it was hailed with delight by many of us, as we imagined that our trials would now be lessened, and that better times would smile upon us. We were all equipped with suitable apparel for the climate, and by this means deeply involved in debt. Early in the morning of our departure we took an affectionate farewell of the associates we were about to leave; every soul exhibited emotions of concern, and good feeling accompanied with expressions intimating their wishes for our future prosperity, while inhabitants of distant climes. For my own part my thoughts reverted to the scenes of home, its pleasures and associations, which made it an interestingly painful occasion. The hour arrived, and the beating of drums summoned us to order, when each man securing his knapsack, hastened to the parade ground, and after inspection we proceeded on our march to Cowes, accompanied part

of the way by a band of music, to cheer with its enlivening influence our drooping spirits. It was now that my affections were severely tried. Home had a charm too strong to be dispelled by the rolling of drums; I was now about to leave it forever, every spot we passed seemed like some spot dear to memory, and spoke with a voice of thrilling interest to my soul.

While waiting on the shore for boats to convey us to the ship, I employed my time in bringing to view the diversified scenes through which I had passed; the troubles I had endured, and the home I had left. Such were my emotions that I would fain have *kissed* the *soil* on which I stood, and when the boat arrived, I felt reluctant to leave the never forgotten shores of Albion, and as I stepped heavily into the boat, I offered a silent prayer for the blessing of heaven upon my friends and myself.

O! must I a poor exile ever mourn;
Nor after length of rolling years return?
Am I compelled to leave my friends and home;
To live no more 'neath the ancestral dome?
May kind heav'n be our guide—our steps defend,
And may Thy blessing crown us to the end.
At *fifteen years* I leave both home and land
An infant soldier to obey command.

Immediately after arriving on board we were all sent below and hatched down, to prevent disorder, or escape, and the next day, having a fair wind, we weighed anchor and set sail, May 22nd, 1821, and soon left far behind us the beauteous and lovely scenes which every

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where abound in that far famed Isle. Soon it assumed the appearance of a shapeless mass, interesting only from the consideration that it was our native land.

O England! my *home*, thy scenes I love well;
Home, where contentment and happiness dwell;
Home, where my infantile weakness was nursed,
The place where my parents saluted me first;
Though thy walls may be hid beyond the great deep,
And the Atlantic billows between us do sweep;
Thou'rt the home of my fathers—the place of my birth,
And more precious to me than the wealth of the earth.

Home, where domestic enjoyment abounds,
Home, where the pleasures of kindred are found,
Home, where a father instructed my youth,
And a mother's fond care taught me virtue and truth;
Where health strew'd her roses and sorrow beguiled,
Where industry reigned, and where charity smiled;
When I think on thy charms, can I quell the big tear?
Thou *home* of my fathers to memory dear.

Home, where religion her influence blends,
And the incense of prayer to Jehovah ascends;
Where the hymn of devotion in rapture is sung,
And hopes of salvation on Jesus are hung.
On thee my thoughts centre—thy pleasures so pure
I ne'er can forget thee while life shall endure;
O may that allurement forever remain,
For there I first learned to speak Jesus's name.

Home! there's a magical spell in thy name,
Wherever I wander, thy scenes I retain;
O ne'er may the bliss that twines round thee depart,
Thou home of my fathers—thou joy of my heart!
Farewell to the shores of my dear native *home*;
Farewell, for I leave thee, perhaps ne'er to return.
With parents most dear, whose tears cannot quell,
I sighingly take the sad, painful Farewell!

The wind continued full in our favor, and extending every sail to catch the friendly breeze, we made rapid progress, which circumstance

lighted up every countenance with joy and gladness, and tended much to dissipate the melancholy of which we were the subjects.

But, man is inconsiderate and thoughtless; in the hour of prosperity he forgets the coming dangers which tread close upon the heels of safety. In his prosperous moments he is unmindful that his circumstances are changeable; that there is a superior being who superintends the concerns of his creatures, and who claims their homage and worship. Hence, to show us the instability of earthly things, God often brings us to experience painful and opposing providences, which are real mercies, as they are sent to save us from greater evils, and to promote our highest good.

But to return, after sailing thus, about a week, we experienced a painful change; the breeze, hitherto obedient to our wishes, became adverse and furious. The waves which had previously playfully smacked our vessel's side, now foaming with rage, threatened distruction to our crazy bark, and so furious was the storm that we expected every hour to be sent to the bottom; the sea broke furiously over the deck, washing and driving us from side to side. Amid these gloomy hours of fearfulness and sorrow, I composed myself as much as possible by praying and singing hymns to him whose power alone could calm "the raging seas." I always felt disposed to be on deck when they would permit me, watching the progress of the storm, or reading the feelings of the crew by their physiog-

nomy. For about two weeks, the storm continued, during which, we could only keep one sheet to the wind, every other sail being closely reefed. After the storm subsided we spoke with several ships, which tended greatly to enliven our spirits. At length, after many storms and dangers, we heard the welcome cry of *Land* from the man at the mast head, which we found by examination to be the American coast. The wind was now fair, and both troops and crew were anxious and impatient to enter the river St. Lawrance, when unfortunately we ran the ship aground. This sudden and unexpected disaster occasioned much excitement and tumult, as we were under the necessity of unloading the ship or waiting the return of the tide ; the latter appeared the most dangerous course, and we adopted the former. It was accordingly thought prudent to throw away our water ; the pumps were immediately set to work and our water disposed of, except a scanty portion, to serve us till we gained the river. After this was done, a boat with two anchors was sent astern of the ship and sunk, and the troops plying well at the winches, we succeeded in getting her off into deep water, suffering no other loss but our water. We again suffered from adverse winds, which kept us beating about for several days, and had like to have been productive of death, worse than drowning, viz. *death* by *thirst*. Our water became almost exhausted, and what remained was so loathesome (it stank like carrion) it was obnox-

ious to the taste, and our allowance, even of this, was so scanty it was not enough to sustain nature; about one half pint per day being each man's share. The great heat of the day served to enhance our misery; our tongues failed for thirst, and we were ready to faint. Such was my distress that I vainly strove to quench it with sea water, but its insufferable saltness deterred me from making more than one trial, and once I procured a portion from the hogshead by stealth, notwithstanding the orders of the commander, and the scrutiny of the sentinel placed over it to protect it from the pilferings of the troops, and although it was disgusting to the taste, yet, in my circumstances, it proved a most refresing draught.

But before I proceed further I beg leave to lay before the reader a means of preserving water for any length of time, sweet and wholesome. Families, as well as mariners, often suffer much from water losing its sweetness, in situations where they cannot enjoy the privilege of drawing it immediately from the chrystal spring, but have to secure it by means of cisterns, or otherwise, and as I shall have no better opportunity to mention it, I shall do it here, believing it to be of importance to some of my fellow creatures.

"In order to keep fresh water sweet, take of fine, clear, white, pearl ashes, a quarter of a pound, of avoirdupois weight, and put it into one hundred gallons of fresh water, (observing this proportion to a greater or less quantity)

and stop up your cask as usual, till you have occasion to broach it for use. As an instance of its utility and success, Dr. Butler put an ounce of pearl ashes into a twenty-five gallon cask of Thames water, which he stopt up very close, and let it stand for upwards of a year and a half, opening it once in four months, and constantly found it in the same unaltered condition, and perfectly sweet and good.

To the mariner, the following receipt from the same author may not be unacceptable. To make sea water fresh, "take bees-wax and mould it into the form of an empty, hollow vessel; sink the vessel into the sea, and the water, after a while, will work its way through the pores of the wax, and the quantity contained in the vessel will be fresh, and good for use."

"But fresh water may be had in much greater plenty, and more expeditiously, by filling a vessel with river sand, or gravel, and pouring salt water upon it.* The vessel must be perforated at the bottom, and by applying a linen strainer, the water, after undergoing a few filtrations, will lose all its brackish taste." Were this plan generally adopted at sea, how much misery occasioned by thirst might be avoided.

But to return; we were now enveloped in a dense fog, so thick that we could not see a rod beyond the bows of the ship, and after sailing several days in this situation, and having arrived, though unknowingly, into the Gulf of St.

* The method pursued in this case is similar to that we pursue in leaching ashes to obtain ley.

Lawrence, one morning between the hours of twelve and four, the Captain was aroused by a tremendous grating as if the ship had come in contact with some rocks; he rushed upon deck in his shirt, and with a voice that thrilled every heart, shouted, "*about, ship, or we are lost.*" The command was sudden and unexpected; a momentary pause ensued, none dared move a step till the Captain a second time reiterated his order. The men seeing their danger, flew each to his station, and aided by the troops of the second watch, about sixty in number, soon succeeded in bringing her about. It was then discoverable that a few moments longer would have hurried us upon a massive ledge of rocks, where all must inevitably have perished. Providence, kind Providence, alone effected our rescue, for had not the Captain awoke at that precise moment, all must have been lost!

Turning from this scene of danger we felt ourselves inspired with new courage, but were soon alarmed again by a similar cause, which circumstance induced us to cast anchor, and wait for day. We might here notice the fact that during all this alarm, two of the watches, amounting to over a hundred men, were fast asleep, below, ignorant of their danger, and when the anchor was dropped, drawing after it the huge chain cable, which made a report as if the ship was smashing to pieces, it aroused them from their peaceful slumbers in a moment, and sent some in horrid confusion and nuddity to the deck, screaming and crying for mercy,

and it was sometime before they could be persuaded of their safety, so as to retire again to their couches.

We remained at anchor till day light, when we again weighed anchor, and gaily and rapidly ascended the majestic St. Lawrence, from whence we soon obtained refreshing draughts of water. We soon hailed, and obtained a pilot, but the wind changing and operating against us, we could only progress when the tide was ascending, laying at anchor when it receded, during which seasons we were much enlivened by the appearance of the country, and by the converse of the passengers and crews of other ships. I should have been glad could we have seen more of the country as we passed it, when on the sail, but such was the tyranny of our officers, that we could not have this desirable privilege allowed us, as we were much of the time, hatched down in the ship's hold like convicts.

Before I proceed further, I will state an instance wherein may be seen the cruel tyranny and injustice of the commanding officer of the troops on board. At one time on our passage I had washed my clothes and hung them out on the rigging, and in the night they were stolen. In the morning, finding they were gone, I made immediate inquiry, and found them in possession of one of the soldiers. I took the proper measure to report him to the officer, to get satisfaction in the restoration of my articles; but he, far from showing me justice, bid me "be

gone," and threatened "*that if he heard another word from me he would put me into confinement.*" Thus, after the clearest identification of my property, I was silenced, *slave like*, by a haughty tyrant. How applicable and true the proverb in this case. "When subjects are ill-treated by subaltern officers, and cannot make remonstrance to the prince, because the too great authority of the ministers of state deprives them of the means; their lot is like that of a man, who, half dead with thirst, approaches a river to drink, but, perceiving a *crocodile*, is obliged to perish for lack of water, or submit to be devoured."

But we soon arrived in full view of the city of Quebec, where we had a pleasant sight of its most elegant buildings and fortifications, which sight produced the greatest animation, from the consideration that we were near the place of destination, where we fondly hoped that our troubles would at least be mitigated, if they did not cease. My heart palpitated with joy as I heard our salute fired from the cannon on the battery; soon after, we cast anchor about half a mile from the shore in front of the city. We were soon attended with boats which came laded with provisions for the supply of our wants, upon which we feasted like men who had narrowly escaped starvation. It was seven weeks from the time we left Cowes, till we landed at Quebec. The day after our arrival, another ship, containing two hundred troops, arrived, which had made the voyage in four

weeks only. The next day we were all put on board a steam boat, and taken to Montreal, in possession of good health and spirits. The officers of the regiment were waiting to board us, immediately on our arrival at the wharf, whose manner towards us, was affable, and kind: they congratulated us upon our arrival, and without any appearance of harshness, paraded us on board the steam boat, and marched us up to the barracks, where we were kindly received by the old soldiers of the regiment, who willingly divided their provisions among us, to meet our wants. We were all retained in the barracks yard, until divided, and allotted to the different companies during which time I was visited by two English officers, who questioned me closely, concerning my parentage, history, &c. with evident symptoms of respect for my youth, which probably, first excited their curiosity. It was into their company that I was drafted, at which I was not a little pleased. We were, for a few days, treated with considerable kindness and lenity, during which time, many of us visited the ancient and antique buildings of the city, which to my mind, presented but a poor contrast to the splendid cities of England. I was not a little surprised, also, at the appearance of the regiment: it was made up of almost every nation upon earth; in fact, there were English, Irish, Scotch, French, Germans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, and Dutch; an assemblage which made no very pleasing impression upon my mind. Many of

them possessed the fierceness of Indian warriors, but exhibited, in the whole, the diversified peculiarities of the several nations to which they belonged. Some bore about with them the marks of distinguished zeal and piety; others were totally void of every feeling or sentiment, but that of superstition and vice; and had they been as active for God and religion, as they were for vice and impiety, they would have been good Christians; while others seemed to possess all the brutality and stupidity of brutes. Withal, I felt surprised that the British soldiers should so far imitate the semi-barbarians as to wear the beard long upon the upper lip, which was the case at that time, although it was discontinued shortly after. Our officers were mostly men of pliant dispositions, and by nation, were English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans; our commanding officer, Colonel Fitzgerald, was an Irishman by birth, a gentleman by education and property, and possessed a disposition that rendered him beloved by every soldier under his command. His lady was a woman equally admired, possessing qualifications rarely discoverable in persons of her rank; her influence was great, and her manners pleasing; from her sympathy and efforts in behalf of poor delinquents, she was emphatically styled the "*prisoner's advocate.*"

CHAPTER III.

An account of his trials and sufferings from the time he joined his Regiment, to his reprieve from death; containing some affecting occurrences.

By this time we were sufficiently rested to commence our military duties, and each company was placed under the care of an experienced sergeant, to be fitted by drill, as soon as possible to relieve the old soldiers from their extremely arduous and excessive toil. We were accordingly taken to the field, and kept closely to our work, being allowed scarcely any time for rest, or recreation. During this period of my life I often thought of home and parents, and indeed, I wrote, until receiving no answers to any of my letters, my patience became exhausted, and I ceased writing for a considerable time.

In connection with our fatigning drill, which was so irksome that we were glad to retire to bed as soon as the hour arrived, was the evil we experienced from being tormented half to death with bed bugs, which would come upon us in swarms, and bite us so severely in our sleeping hours, that we could not rest. My method in revenging myself upon these creatures, was this: after I had retired to bed, to set a light near by, where I could readily grasp it, but hiding it so as to have no light discoverable, I would lay down my head, when, no

sooner done than they perceiving an opportunity to fall upon their prey, would surround my head and neck in multitudes. Provoked at their invasion, I would spring for my light and destroy all I could as they retired to their retreat. But as this method had but little effect, other than that it produced an unaccountable stench, I next took my bed, and making it up, on the floor of the room, made a trench of water round it that might prevent their approach. But though this was successful, they were not defeated; but still made their ravages by falling down upon me from the floor of the upper room, so that in fact, my case was not in the least ameliorated; in consequence of which, I was obliged to submit, without a remedy, to these unmerciful tormentors. And many of the soldiers, from the same cause slept out in the barracks yard, in the open air, but its effect was evidently more injurious than the torment of bed bugs.

We were often called to witness the punishment of criminals, who, for crimes of different grades were brought forward to receive merited punishment. On these occasions, our humane Colonel would turn aside his head and weep, and would generally remit the greatest portion of the unhappy man's punishment; and, had it not been for the existing law, he would have dispensed, in his regiment, with that kind of punishment entirely.

It was our misfortune shortly to lose this humane and valuable officer, he being appointed

to a higher station. He was succeeded by a Colonel Andrews, a Scotchman, and of a disposition precisely different from his predecessor in every respect; and his conduct, when he assumed the command, seemed as if he had determined to ruin the confidence, and destroy the happiness of the regiment. He commenced by driving the troops, both old and young, into the field for exercise, a measure entirely useless, and highly offensive to the old troops, as they had not been used for many years, to such treatment. They grumbled and complained loudly, at being thus hammered and drilled about, in the fundamental principles of their duty which they all perfectly understood. The harshness of our new Colonel, and the severe punishments he inflicted for minor and trivial offences, caused many of the soldiers to desert; some of whom were unfortunate enough to be taken prisoners. They were tried by court martials, and sentenced to seven hundred lashes: such spectacles, as we have already hinted, were cruel and savage in the extreme.

> ———The poor condemned soldiers,
> Like culprits doomed to cruel torture,
> Would sit impatient, and inly ruminate
> The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
> Investing pallid cheeks, and sunken hearts,
> Presenting them unto the gazing throng
> Like so many horrid ghosts.

But, as I design to be more particular in giving an account of the punishment, a scene of which I was an eye witness, while among them, I shall give it here, without attempting

to affect any thing from what it is in reality, and what every one knows, who has been acquainted with the British military character.

Whenever a soldier was found guilty of a crime, and condemned to receive corporeal punishment, he was confined under guard, till the morning specified in his court martial, when he should receive his punishment. The troops were then formed into a square of two deep, and the "*triangle*," an instrument made for the purpose, was brought and placed, composed of three poles, with a bolt to fasten them together at the upper end, and spread wide enough to fasten the prisoners legs and hands to two of them: this, with a board that run across to each pole for the prisoner to bear his breast upon, completed the barbarous instrument. Next, the poor criminal, guarded by a file of soldiers and an officer, is conducted to the triangle, where they remain until the adjutant reads his court martial and sentence. After which, the commanding officer gives the word "proceed to punishment," when the criminal is stript to his *naked back*, and tied firmly with cords round his ancles and wrists, to the two spars of the triangle; thus, in a forward, leaning posture, he is stretched, ready to receive the application of the whip. The company of musicians, with the drum or bugle-major, take their stand in single file in rear of the prisoner, as also the surgeon of the regiment, who is there to watch the symptoms of the sufferer, and to relieve him if he thinks he is not able to

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endure his punishment. The bugle-major then orders the first musician next to him to take his stand at the post of duty, which he does within about one pace of the criminal; and thus, with a *cat of nine tails* in his hand, proceeds, and inflicts the *cat* at every time the bugle-major counts, which is about once in every four seconds. Thus commences this painful scene. At the end of every twenty-five lashes the executioner is relieved by a fresh hand who is bound to inflict the lacerating lash with all his might. The following is a description of the whip, or cat of nine tails, and the manner in which it is used. The cat itself is composed of nine separate and distinct cords, between an eighth and a quarter of an inch in size, twisted very hard, and having on each strand, three nots, tied at regular distance, near the end; sometimes these have been fixed with wire, to make the punishment more severe and excrutiating. The length of these cats are about eighteen inches from the stock, and the stock itself, about fifteen inches long. The manner in which it is compelled to be used, is indeed the most surprising, and inhuman. The executioner, as he stands, raises his body with a nervous exertion, applies his whip with all his strength, then with a singular whirl, brings it again to his right, ready for the second application. And, in case the executioner should be remiss in his duty, the bugle-major alarms him of it, by flogging him on the shoulder with a whip. It will be observed that all the while the executioners are

obliged to be stript in their shirt sleeves: this needs no comment!

The effect this kind of punishment had upon its piteous sufferers, is almost too appalling to mention. The first blow usually called forth his groans. The first twenty-five lashes generally fetched blood; the first hundred would tear the flesh almost to pieces, and before he had received the whole of his punishment the blood would run copiously down his back, running in streams into his shoes, and flooding the ground. In this distressed situation, with his back mangled as if ravinous dogs had fed upon it, the poor culprit would beg for mercy, but in vain; sometimes he would fill the unconscious air with his piteous groans and howlings, and beg for the remission of half the sentence, exclaiming, like *Cain*, "*my punishment is greater than I can bear.*" But no; the cruel appetite of the Colonel must be glutted to its full; he would stand unmoved at the painful and bloody spectacle, and sometimes, biting his lips (one of his peculiarities) would walk in front of the troops, as unconcerned as if the scene before him was one of the most pleasing nature. But not so with the soldiers, for their hearts were touched with compassion, and many of them fainted, and fell to the ground; and others turned their heads from beholding the inhuman spectacle. These punishments were always attended within the walls of the barracks-yard, and every entrance to the streets, closed, to prevent the inhabitants from coming in, or oth-

erwise to prevent them from a knowledge of what was transpiring. And, indeed, well they might seclude their diabolical and hellish deed; for it was too barbarous for humanity to look upon and not weep. It was a punishment as *bitter* as *death* !—a punishment which the heathen savages in comparison with civilized England, would shudder to inflict upon their vilest enemy. After the execution, a wet cloth was thrown on the back of the prisoner and he was conveyed to the hospital, more dead than alive, to be cured ; which would take from a month to six weeks, if he ever recovered at all.

Such indeed has been the horrid effect of this punishment, that many have been known to die in receiving it, and others have had their flesh whipped off, so that their bowels have fallen out. What *brutality* is *this* for *man* to be *guilty* of ! Surely, it is *abominable* and *devilish* in the extreme. It has not its *parallel* but among the *savage nations* of the *earth !* O England ! my country, can this be thy crime ? Are my *countrymen* so destitute of *humanity*, as to be *deservedly ranked among the savages* of the *forests ? May God forbid it, and the holy religion you profess to love ! Banish* this evil ; *banish* it, I say, from *thy land*, that thy cruelty and thy crimes may not be in such black array *against* thee ! Before I dispense with this subject, I will give the note at large, of the celebrated writer, Doctor Clarke, that the reader may judge, and receive more credibly, the above, from what he writes upon this subject.

Those who possess his commentary may find it in Deut. xxv. 3. "*Forty stripes ye may give him*, and NOT EXCEED." "According," says the Doctor, "to God's institution, a criminal may receive *forty* stripes : not one more ! But is the institution from *above* or *not*, that for any offence, sentences a man to receive *three hundred*, yea, a *thousand* stripes ? What horrible brutality is this ! and what a reproach to human nature, and to the nation, in which such shocking barbarities are exercised and tolerated ! Most of the inhabitants of Great Britain have heard of *Lord Macartney's Embassy to the Emperor of China ;* and they have heard, also, of its complete failure ! But they have not heard of the cause. It appears to have been *partly* occasioned by the following circumstance. A soldier had been convicted of some petty traffic with one of the natives, and he was sentenced, by a court martial, to receive *sixty* lashes !—Hear my author : "The soldiers were drawn up in form,in the outer court of the palace, where he resided, and the poor culprit, being fastened to one of the pillars of the great portico, received his punishment without mitigation. The abhorrence excited in the breasts of the Chinese, at this cruel conduct, as it appeared to them, was demonstrably proved by their words and looks. They expressed their astonishment that a people professing the mildest, the most benevolent religion on earth, as they wished to have it believed, could be guilty of such flagrant inattention to its merciful dic-

tates. One of the principal mandarins, who knew a little English, expressed the general sentiment, "*Englishmen too much cruel, too much bad.*"

But the ill-timed severity of the Colonel, had a bad and injurious effect; for while he kept us at exercise continually, sometimes driving us to the field before the approach of day, and punishing severely, the minor offences of the men, the troops deserted at every opportunity; to prevent this, he confined us all to the barracks, for several weeks, whereupon, many swore they would desert immediately after they should be liberated, and accordingly, in a short period, we lost, by desertion, upwards of a hundred men. This enraged the Colonel to the highest pitch of madness; and one day, after parade, he formed us into a close body, and addressed us in the most provoking language, calling us—rogues and traitors, and threatening us with the utmost severity, if we dared to disobey his orders. On one occasion, I was so unfortunate as to fall beneath his displeasure. One day exercising on the parade, the Colonel commanding by means of the bugle, he gave the word, "disperse and fire," which was obeyed with alacrity and speed, when the bugle again sounded, "*assemble, and form ranks in double quick;*" we were all full of glee upon the occasion, being surrounded by spectators, when I was noticed to be in the rear, by the adjutant, who struck me with his sword, and took down my name; whereupon, I told him the reason, which was, that in a skir-

mish, a soldier accidentally trod upon my heel, and tore off the sole of my shoe and so hindered me from running; but he answered me with an oath, pushed me into the ranks, and told me I should be punished. The next day I was ordered, with a number of others, to *knapsack drill*, which consisted in our being made to appear upon the parade ground, in full marching order, with our packs upon our backs, and in this situation, we were marched, and countermarched, until our strength and patience became exhausted; insomuch, that regardless of the consequence, we ventured to disobey the orders of our commanding officer. Hence when he gave the word, "*right*, or *left turn*," we would march off in different directions, until he became so exasperated, that he threatened to put us under guard, which threat creating in us a fear of a worse punishment, induced us to submit quietly, to the remainder of our punishment; thus out of two evils choosing the least.

The precautions of the officers to prevent desertions, were such, that it was now next to impossible to desert, unless possessed of some means of conveyance. We had to answer the roll call at least, four times a day, when, if it was discovered, any soldier was missing, preparations were immediately made for his discovery and detection: which, indeed, rendered it difficult to be absent long at a time, without incurring suspicion and punishment. But so unpleasant was our situation, that numbers,

risking all danger, still deserted, of whom, some escaped; and others were detected. Among the latter, was a young Englishman, named Arnold, who was sentenced to receive seven hundred lashes. While preparing to be fastened to the *triangle*, he placed a leaden ball between his teeth, and declared he would not solicit any remission of his punishment, from the Colonel, and he maintained his word, receiving the whole of the seven hundred lashes, without uttering an expression, and actually at the close of it, put on his clothes without assistance, thanking them in a low manner for his breakfast, after which, he turned round and ran out of the square, heedless of all authority, but the Colonel, dissatisfied at his conduct, called him back, and commanded him to march out more orderly. I beg leave further to remark that the ground where the sufferer stood, was sprinkled with blood by the whip which was itself bathed in gore, so much that the blood would drop off the end of the cats. But this is not the worst, for when the whip is thus soaked, reeking in gore, it is either washed in water, or a fresh one taken in its place. *Intolerable tyranny! unsufferable brutality!!*

In the ensuing spring, the same unfortunate individual made another attempt at desertion. He left his post while on guard, in company with a young man named Dackenhousen, a German, who was the pride of the regiment; but they failed in making their escape, on account of the treachery of an individual in whose

barn they had taken refuge. The individual in question having discovered their hiding place, promised secrecy, but cruelly gave information to the officers, who rewarded his treachery with thirty dollars. A guard was accordingly sent for their apprehension, who soon returned with their victims. Arnold was *chained* to a *heavy ball*, and *confined*, and his case laid before His Majesty at home, who sentenced him to transportation for life. Dackenhousen was confined in order to await his trial for desertion, but fearful of the punishment that awaited him, one night, while the guard were all asleep, except the sentinels, he arose, passed the first sentinel, threw open the guard room door, rushed out into the barracks yard, passed another sentinel at the gate, and escaped. Thus he passed two soldiers, who were at their posts with drawn swords, and opened two gates, before the alarm could be given. The young soldier at the door of the guard house, afterwards stated, that although he was perfectly aware of the case, yet he felt as if, at the moment, he was deprived of all power to speak or act. When the morning arrived a number of detachments were sent in pursuit, with *loaded rifles*, and orders to take him *dead* or *alive*. After several days search, they returned without their prey, who escaped safely to the United States, from whence he wrote back to his comrades, inviting them all to follow him, and had it not been for the fear of detection, I verily believe the whole regiment would have accepted the invitation.

For my own part, I heartily wished myself free from so slavish a life, though I could not at once resolve upon my liberation, the scenes of punishment, of which I had been witness, were vividly impressed upon my imagination, and I would have preferred death to enduring it. Sometimes I strove to resign myself patiently to my fate; but the reflection that my woes would terminate only with my life, prevented such a feeling of resignation; and what tended to increase my dissatisfaction, was the fact that the regiment I belonged to, was for some cause or other, a *transported* corps. The thought that I was incorporated with a condemned regiment, stung me to the quick, especially as I saw no prospect of again seeing my dear parents, so long as the corps remained under the displeasure of His Majesty; and should the aspect of things change for the better, I knew my life, at best, would be miserable.

To add to my uneasiness, I obtained no communications from home, although I wrote again and again; this led to the conclusion, that my parents indignant at my past disobedience, had resolved to leave me to my fate, and never again manifest any concern for my welfare. My mental conflicts, from these united causes, became almost insupportable; which, together with my insufferable hardships, almost drove me into the vortex of dissipation, which the insidious tempter of man, secretly intimated, would afford me relief, or at least a mitigation of my sorrows. But, by the blessing of God I was

saved from this horrible course, and my mind directed to the great author of all, for support and succor, and often have I in the darkness of night, knelt in my bed, and poured out my complaint to the Lord of creation. But I was, as it were, a heathen, knowing little else of divine things but the form.

To divert my mind as much as possible, I devoted my leisure time to literary pursuits, attending school part of that time, and studying *drawing* and *music* the rest. In these pursuits I was assisted by my comrade, Henry Apple, a German, in the middle age of life, and of no ordinary talents. His regard for me was strong and ardent; his advice that of a father; indeed he delighted to speak of me as his son. To him, I related my parentage, travels, &c., upon which he counselled me to *desert* the first opportunity, alledging that if I remained in the army, I could expect nothing but misery and poverty all my days; indeed, we should have deserted together, had it not been that the time for which he enlisted was nearly expired.

But notwithstanding his advice, I endured my troubles some time longer, hoping to be able to purchase my discharge. To obtain it by money, required *twenty pounds* sterling, while my pay amounted to but one shilling and one pence per day, out of which I had to purchase several articles of wearing apparel, as also of consumption. To further my design, I gave up my allowance of *grog*, prefering to receive its value in money. But with all my

efforts I could save but six shillings per month, at which rate, it would have taken six years, nearly, to accomplish my aim. But I soon found that such a strict course of living would debar me of the means of attending to my literary pursuits, and to spare a pittance for them, I saw that it would require eleven or twelve years to put me in possession of the required sum, as also that it was involved with events the most difficult to be surmounted, and accordingly, I laid aside my plan as impracticable.

My next aim was to procure admission into the band of musicians, thinking that my situation would be more comfortable. I accordingly persevered in my musical studies, hoping to attract the attention of the officers, when I was sent for by Capt. Pierce, an officer of the company, to act as his servant, a situation which seemed to promise an amelioration of my troubles. But I soon found, that let me be placed where I would, I had to lead a contemptible and miserable soldier's life. My situation was rendered very unpleasant on account of many very arduous tasks assigned me; as also from being broke of my rest; for I had generally to await the return of my master from his midnight revels, who would in turn have much company, and that painfully disgusting, for they would gamble and carouse like bedlamites, as if totally regardless of a state of future retribution. The Captain possessed a taste that led him to spare no pains nor expense to obtain any pleasure he delighted in. He required a strict

attention to be paid to all his injunctions, which I obeyed with promptitude and despatch, in every respect, if I except that I made but an indifferent *cook*. However, as he messed in common with the other officers, I had but little to do in this respect but to prepare his breakfast regularly, and occasionally, supper for his guests. One day he gave me directions for cooking a beef's tongue, which was to answer for his breakfast the next morning. I accordingly followed his orders, but unluckily, after it was put into the oven, from some cause or other, I forgot it until the next morning, when, painful to relate, it was baked almost to a cinder, on account of the large fire kept in the stove during the night. Afraid of exciting his anger by not placing it upon the table, I cut off all the burnt part, until it was so diminished in size that I felt ashamed to behold it. However, with much fear and anxiety, I placed it on the table, and then retired to wait the motions of its astonished and disappointed consumer, who eyed it with apparent solicitude, as if to discover the nature of the unshapely dish I had placed before him. He then applied to me for an account of the article, and such were my fears, that I gave but a disconnected and unsatisfactory detail of my act of *harsh cooking*; seeing my confusion, and the sorrow it occasioned, he passed it over with a gentle reprimand.

On another occasion, I met with a misfortune somewhat similar. We expected a large com-

pany of guests to supper, for whose entertainment the messmaster prepared a sumptuous repast. The hour arrived, when my helpmate and I spread the rich bounties provided for the occasion ; among many other things was two richly dressed fowls, which served greatly to ornament the table. We happened to be both absent for a moment, and upon returning, discovered that one of the fowls was missing. We were much surprised, and gazed on each other with much concern, wondering by whom, and how in so short a time it could have been removed. Upon close examination it appeared to have been *dragged* off the table, and upon looking under the stove, we found it in possession of a *huge cat*, who was very deliberately making a supper of the mutilated fowl, which we soon rescued from her paws, and in no very gentle manner, bade her finish her supper elsewhere. Fearing to throw it away, and thus incur censure, and perhaps punishment, we were driven to the alternative of cleaning and placing it on the table, in the best manner possible, taking care to press well together every part that was injured. Fortunately for us they were not touched, and thus the affair passed off undiscovered. I do not state these facts as if in themselves they are worthy of notice, but merely to illustrate the effects produced by harsh, *despotic* treatment, and that *slavish fear* which is its legitimate result ; a fear which is evidence direct of the depraved condition of man, for were he upwright, it neither would be

exacted or yielded. Wherever it exists it cramps the energies, paralyzes the powers of the soul, and blasts the principles of peace and liberty; and yet, strange infatuation! men often mistake it, I mean when applied to their Creator, for that filial fear required by Him from His creatures, and imagine that dread, horror, and trembling at the thought of his sacred name, constitutes the duty of man. How can these things be? How can we love that which we imagine militates against our joys, and threatens to crush us to dust? Can such be the duty inculcated in the inspired writings? Let the reader consult on this point, Heb. xii. 28, Eccl. xii. 13, Prov. iii. 7, and viii. xiii, and ix. 10, Ps. cxi. 10, Cor. vii. 1, &c. &c.

Circumstances like the above, tended to keep my mind in a continued state of unhappy excitement and slavish fear; and although I labored with the utmost diligence to obey the commands of my master, their rigidity were by no means relaxed, nor his aristocratic haughtiness diminished. Added to this, I received no compensation for my services besides my pay and rations as a soldier, which I received from the barracks, so that my present situation was in reality no way superior to the former. In my present condition, I saw little probability of escaping from their cruel bondage, and reflecting upon my past delightful enjoyments, and anxious to get free from the slavery of tyrannical oppressors, that I might again enjoy the endearing comforts of a social and peaceful

life, and become useful to myself and friends, I could no longer resist the impetuous force of my feelings ; but resolved forthwith to make my escape.

The season of the year, (it was the month of February) and the vast amount of travel to the United States, conspired to raise my hopes,and cheer me with the prospect of obtaining a conveyance by some one of the numerous carriages engaged in the pursuits of commerce. Upon after consideration, however, I judged it best not to trust my fate in the hands of any man, especially as it required a generosity not likely to be found among those persons to whom I allude.

About this time my comrade, Henry Apple, received his discharge ; which fact but increased my disaffection, inflamed my desires, and produced a stronger resolution to attempt my escape as soon as possible. Before I proceed to relate the means I resorted to, I will just observe, that while nothing could justify me in their adoption, an excuse can be found in my *youth*, *inexperience*, and *misery* ; for I feel confident, that had not my sufferings been extreme, I never should have been persuaded to adopt a course so criminal. But, to proceed : my plan was to provide myself with the dress of a civilian from the Captain's wardrobe, and with a horse belonging to a Lieut. Colonel Rumpley, who resided under the same roof with the Captain ; and whose horse was the only one I could have access to, of the two officers, and

which I intended, should I effect my escape, to leave at some convenient place near the American line, and inform the Colonel by letter, where he might find him.* In taking this course, which in fact was the only one I could in safety adopt, I was in pressing need of money to defray my expenses; and not being able to demand any of my pay in consequence of being obliged to buy several articles of winter clothing, by which I was deeply involved in debt, and fearing my entire destitution would expose me to the suspicion of those men among whom I travelled, I resolved to purloin a sum from one of the officers sufficient to meet the wants my peculiar situation demanded. I intended also to arm myself with a loaded pistol, being

* The example of many of my fellow soldiers who had adopted similar measures to effect their liberty, and who had escaped detection, was a powerful stimulous to urge me on to my undertaking; and, indeed, I may say it was through the success of their attempts, that I received encouragement, and was led to do as I did. One circumstance I will here mention. Two of my comrades, who were great intimates together, and who were both officers' servants, became so dissatisfied with a soldier's life that they resolved to make their escape in company with each other, when the first opportunity should present. When the night came that gave them the desired opportunity, one of them, dressed himself in an officer's full uniform, belonging to the one with whom he was living; took also his commission, in order that they might escape with greater safety. His companion dressed himself in a servants habit, and attended him in that capacity; after thus preparing themselves they took a horse and sleigh and proceeded with all possible haste; alleging, where they had occasion to stop, that they were in pursuit of desgrters. Thus they both made their succesful escape.

determined, in case I should be overtaken by pursuers, not to be taken alive.*

The day at length arrived when I was to execute my project, which, if successful, was to free me from my troubles, and confer upon me the blessings of liberty; but if detected would plunge me into a worse situation, and a deeper misery. Early in the evening the Captain and Colonel R. went in company to partake of the pleasures of a splendid ball, and having waited until the *tattoo* sounded, which called every soldier to the barracks, I began to make preparation for my exit. After carrying my plan into effect, so far as to encourage me with success, and while in the very act of making the most important preparations, I was suddenly interrupted by Colonel R's. servant, who coming near to me, spoke to me as if he suspected my design. But fearing I should take the alarm, he coaxingly requested me to go with him into the servant's room, where no doubt he meant to have secured me, as another servant was there who would probably have readily assisted him to detect me. But knowing he must have discovered my design, and fearing he was only laying a trap to catch me, I made him an indifferent reply; but promised him I would

* I placed all my hopes of deliverance upon my *horse* and a *single pistol;* which latter I intended to have well loaded with balls, and not to be taken without firing through the first man that should attempt to apprehend me. I should have provided myself with another pistol, but for fear of exciting suspicion of my design I was obliged to desist.

return in a few minutes. Upon this, we parted, and by watching the movements of the servant, I was fearfully alarmed of the fact that he was going, with all haste, to report me as a deserter.

Now indeed, was the decisive moment; and I felt it; and although I had not accomplished my purpose of changing clothes from the wardrobe, nor secured an outer garment.* I sprung out of the house into the stable, saddled the horse, mounted him, and galloping upon the full speed, I passed in front of the barracks by the guard, the sentinels of which were on their posts, and in a few moments, left my master and the troops, far in the rear. Soon, however, I began to feel the effects of the cold; even before I had crossed the St. Lawrence, which distance was about nine miles on the ice, I thought I should have perished; my dress being altogether unfit for my circumstances, being composed of a pair of woolen regimental pantaloons, woolen vest, a light fustian jacket, hat, and a light pair of calfskin shoes. My sufferings increased beyond description; I became chilled almost to death, and those parts of my body most exposed, became frozen and stiff in spite of all my exertions. Sometimes I would

* Notwithstanding I had not accomplished my design, yet I had carried my plan too far to be desisted from. I had evidently given the most decisive proof of my intention. To have remained without making any further exertion would soon have brought me into confinement, and to the dreadful torture of the whip, or some other severe punishment. Therefore, without the least hesitancy, I resolved to try my escape forthwith, perchance I might succeed in gaining my liberty from a life of such insufferable tyranny!

ESCAPING FROM THE ARMY

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put my hands (for I had no mittens) between the saddle and the horse's back, and my feet close to his sides; at other times I took to my feet and run; but all was in vain. I actually thought I should freeze to death: my hands, feet, and ears were past all feeling, and notwithstanding I thrashed and rubbed the affected parts, they still grew worse, and worse, and glad indeed, should I have been to have taken shelter for the night; but so great was my fear of detection, that I dared not hazard myself by requesting hospitality. At length I lost my way, and coming to a house, through the window of which I discovered a brisk fire, which to me, was a sight peculiarly grateful, I stopped my horse, to consult with myself, with regard to the propriety of going in to warm me, and secure some kind of an outer garment, as I was entirely destitute; at the same time, I eyed sharply the inside of the cottage, through the window, as I stood close to it, to see if all was peaceful and quiet, which I found to be so; upon which, I saluted it with a loud *halloo*, at the same time putting my horse in a position ready for a gallop, should I see any cause for excitement; when, observing two men approach the door, dressed in their daily habit, and to all appearance, armed with muskets, my fears became alarmed, and without delaying one moment, I rode off immediately upon the full speed.*

* I remark that my fears were not excited from any thoughts of pursuers, but the fact that the men might be some of those unfeeling characters, who were constantly upon the look-out for deserters.

I was now filled with excitement, and fear, in consequence of which, I rode my horse hard, until with fatigue and fasting, (for he had nothing to eat all night) he became so jaded that it was with much difficulty I could force him out of a walk. At length day-light appeared and ended the most painful night I ever experienced, before or since. Meeting with an individual, I interrogated him as to the place in which we were; when he informed me I was forty miles from Montreal, and about an equal distance from the borders of the United States. The assurance that I was so far from the Regiment, and in a bye-way too, encouraged me to inquire for refreshment, for I felt in much need of it: and indeed, had I not submitted to put up some where, I verily believe, before many hours, I should have perished on the road. Accordingly I rode up to a tavern, delivered my horse to the ostler, ordering him to take the best possible care of him, and retired to the house, though with much difficulty, on account of the stiffness of my limbs, and the numbness of all my physical powers. Seating myself by the fire, I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was awakened by the intense pain of which I became the subject, as my frozen extremities were operated upon by the fire. Upon removing my shoes, my feet presented a piteous appearance, being almost entirely covered with blisters, so that I could not place them upon the ground without screaming.

The family now began to gather round me,

not to administer to my necessities, but merely to gratify an ignoble curiosity, I say ignoble, because it had no other end than to rid themselves of a troublesome burden, as they feared, from my appearance, I might become. They began by expressing their surprise at my unseasonable dress, and that I should travel in the night, and so far, as from my appearance they judged I had. To this, I answered in the best way possible to prevent suspicion, but in vain; the landlord doubted my veracity, and sent for a number of gentlemen belonging to the neighborhood, who on their arrival, examined me very closely. By this time, my pain had so increased that I became almost insensible; so much so, that my answers became confused, and upon being asked by one of them from whence I came, I thoughtlessly replied, from Montreal: whereupon they began to suspect me to be a deserter. Upon this, I effectually roused myself from my stupor, and plead my case so ably that the suspicions of most of them were lulled, and they retired, expressing their satisfaction at my story, and their belief of my innocence. But the avaricious and unfeeling landlord was still dissatisfied, and asked me if I was willing to go back with him so far as St. John's, to see if there was any inquiry, or stir about me. To prevent any further suspicion in his mind, I told him I was perfectly willing, (*though to the contrary, I was very unwilling, but I did so that he might think I was innocent*) provided he would bring me back af-

ter being satisfied with my innocence. He promised he would, though I felt that there was little hope of my avoiding detection, as a company belonging to my regiment were stationed at that place, and would immediately, on seeing me, recognize me as one of the regiment. Reader, can you conceive my feelings? To do it you must place yourself in my situation. Suppose yourself a stranger, poor and destitute, your limbs all sore and blistered, a deserter from the army, in the hands of cruel, hard-hearted men, about to take you back to place you in the hands of those who have no mercy upon their victims, and exposed to the cruel punishment of whipping, a punishment worse than death: and perhaps you can form some idea of my feelings.

Before I proceed farther, I will just stop to uncover the heart of the landlord, and show the principle lurking there, which induced him to betray me. He believed me to be a deserter, and knew that could he prove the fact, and lodge me in the hands of the regiment, he should receive *thirty dollars*, as a reward of his cruelty, for my apprehension. For this sum was he willing to expose me to the most ignominious of all punishments. What will not some men do for the sake of money? With some the value of human life is insignificant compared with it. "O how deceitful, how deeply damning is the love of money! Well might the heathen exclaim, while contemplating the grave of one who was murdered for his wealth.

O! cursed lust of gold! what wilt thou not induce the human heart to perpetrate?" Judas is deservedly considered as one of the most infamous of men, his conduct base beyond description, and his motives vile. But alas! how many who censure his act, imitate him in their lives! How many sell their souls for a less sum! Ho ye Judas', read your doom! learn your danger when you hear the Apostle telling you from God that "no unrighteous man, nor covetous, shall enter into the kingdom of God!" From so great a curse may God save every *money-loving, honor-hunting, pleasure-taking, thoughtless, godless man!*

But to proceed with my narrative: after partaking of some refreshment, the landlord proceeded to convey me to St. Johns, at which place we arrived about two o'clock P. M. and was conducted to an inn, where I was put under the safe-keeping of the landlord, at that place, until inquiry was made respecting me. But I had not been there long before information was obtained that I was a deserter, and that despatches to different parts of the country were in pursuit of me. This news highly gratified my captor, who very speedily communicated the fact of my detention to the officers of the company, stationed there, who immediately sent a file of soldiers to conduct me to the guard-house, where I was placed under close confinement. The soldiers exhibited much kindness towards me, which kindness was peculiarly seasonable, as I was in such a situa-

tion, by reason of being frozen, that I was not able to feed myself without assistance. The Lieutenant, who was commander of the company, visited me during this season of wretchedness; his aspect was mild, his language kind and savoring of pity; upon retiring, he sent me a portion of food from his own table, which supply came very opportunely for the relief of my crying wants. In short, the treatment I experienced exceeded all my expectations, and I thought with such officers, even a soldier's life might be tolerable, and that my case would not be so bad, had I such men to pass sentence upon me for the crime I had so unfortunately committed. As it was, my case was to be placed in the hands of men of hard-hearts, and tyrannic principles; men who regarded no punishment too severe for those who had violated their lordly commands. At night the soldiers spread their great coats for me upon the floor, and the before-mentioned officer, sent me some articles of covering, with which I strove to compose my weary body, while my no less wearied mind was torn on the fearful rack of gloomy expectation.

Thus

Brooding o'er sorrow's fount, silent
I gazed upon the gloomy past:
Till worn with watching, I sought the aid
Of gentle sleep. I slept, and felt refreshed.

The morning's dawn witnessed preparations for my conveyance back to Montreal, and after partaking of some bread and tea, which constituted my breakfast, orders were sent me to pre-

pare myself for my journey. Having wrapped some rags round my feet and drawn on some old stocking legs, which served as shoes, and obtained the loan of a soldier's great coat, I stood ready, with my shoes in my hand. About eight o'clock, I was marched to the stage house, between a file of guard, armed with drawn swords, which walk, although only a few rods, occasioned me a great deal of pain, as my feet were so extremely sore. The guard, and myself were soon seated in the stage, when we proceeded to Montreal; the journey of which, was attended with the most exquisite pain, in consequence of the cold striking to all my frozen parts. My feelings were indeed not less painful as we approached the place of our destination, from the fact that it was to be the scene of my punishment, and which was in effect no better than barbarism, or the bloody inquisition. Arriving at Montreal, and being unable to walk, they placed me upon a lumber sled to convey me from the place where we left the stage to the barracks, about a mile in distance. At the barracks gate one of my peculiar friends stood sentinel, who appeared as if thunderstruck at witnessing my situation; he dared not speak, but exhibited his emotion by turning ghastly pale. At length I was placed in the guard-room, as a prisoner, under strong guard, where I was soon visited by the adjutant, who expressed his surprise at finding me a prisoner. He informed me my guilt was of no ordinary kind; that it was unpardonable; that standing

charged with desertion and stealing, it was highly probable *death* would be *my* punishment.

My case was soon reported to the commanding officer, (Colonel Andrews) who made out my commitment, and sent orders for my conveyance to the *main guard*, whither I was marched, hand-cuffed, guarded by a strong detachment, with drawn swords, and surrounded by many of my anxious comrades, whom curiosity or sympathy had drawn together to witness my removal. These circumstances increased my fears, as I knew that none but the worst of characters were consigned to this wretched place : it therefore appeared to me as my death warrant.

My new habitation was again the scene of increased wretchedness : here with my limbs all sore, without a friend, without a fire, without hope, I was left in dreary solitude to await my trial. Hard indeed was my lot ! miserable my situation ! How often did I sigh over my past folly, while restless, I turned over my chafed and frozen limbs to seek momentary respite from my cruel sufferings, on the hard floor of my prison, for bed I had none.

Providence, however, raised up a friend, by whose intercession my troubles were in a measure mitigated : that friend was Lady Fitzgerald, who, hearing of my situation, procured the removal of my handcuffs, and permission for me to sleep in the guard room, as also to warm myself occasionally at the fire, during the day. The Docter also paid me a visit, and after ex-

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A VISIT FROM CAPTAIN PIERCE WHILE IN PRISON.

examining my wounds, left me and sent his servant to dress them, from whose miserable and bungling performance, I experienced the most acute suffering with but little advantage. However I was obliged to endure his operations, though he treated me more like a brute than a man.

I was next visited by Captain Pierce, my offended master, whose very countenance bespoke an angry soul. He saluted me with the most impious threats, and uttered such awful imprecations, that had they been brought upon me would have placed me in the *lowest* abyss of hell but I pleased myself with the thought that they were but noisy breath. He said he had not the least pity for me, and that no mercy should be shown me, and with a tremendous oath declared I should suffer *death*, that my suffering might operate as a warning to others. He observed farther that had he overtaken me on the night of my desertion, he would have *shot me dead upon the spot*. O, what may not such tyrannic monsters expect when God comes to judgment!

Proud tyrants tremble! for a weight of woe
Hangs in black columns of tremendous ire
O'er your devoted souls. Black, black with dismal wrath
It spreads its murky gloom around your heads
Soon, soon to burst. Then horrible confusion!
Dismay unutterable! keen anguish, and vengeance
Such as beings infinite inflict
Shall fill your reeking hearts! The piercing cries
Of beings immolated by your lordly hands
Shall howl confusion in your frighted ears;
And chain your souls in everlasting woe.

It is a cheering thought that the designs of men are often happily prevented by the interposition of Divine Providence, and that its overruling arm is ever stretched forth for the accomplishment of its own designs of forbearance towards guilty man: it was so in my case. Had the servant gone immediately to the guard room, at the barracks and alarmed the guard, in all probability they would have discovered my route and perhaps have shot me dead upon the spot, as I understood the captain and his soldiers pursued me with rifles and pistols. But as it was, he first went and informed the officers at the ball room, so that a sufficient time elapsed for me to escape their pursuit, and thus my life was prolonged, and time given me for repentance. Thus I have abundant reason to thank and adore the divine goodness for the mercy which spared me through this critical event!

Having remained for some days imprisoned in the main guard, under the most intense suffering of body and mind, I was informed of their intention to commit me to the city prison. Nor did I wait long before a non-commissioned officer with two men of my company visited me, brought me my clothes, &c. and said it was their orders to conduct me to the civil prison. Inasmuch as the military law took no cognizance of my act of taking the horse, I was in consequence thereof delivered over for civil process, which, after suffering the penalty of my crime, *should the punishment not be death*, I

was then recognizable for the act of desertion. This change in my situation filled me for a moment with sensations of a pleasing nature, which however, were soon damped by the consideration that my crime, according to British law, was punishable with death. Notwithstanding my prospect was dark and dreary before me, I rejoiced that I had escaped the ignomy of a public whipping, which to me would have been worse than death, had I only been prepared. This circumstance was to me a most peculiarly trying one, when my fortitude and every feeling of my agitated soul was put to its trial as I was ushered into the cold damp prison of Montreal. The harsh grating of the iron doors, the massive bolts and bars by which they were secured, and above all, the gloomy dungeon in which I was placed, sunk my spirits into the depths of despondency and grief. Added to this, I was placed in a room in company with some of the vilest miscreants in creation. Men who seemed by a long continuance in crime to have lost their humanity ; and to have imbibed the spirit of Satan himself. Here I endured hunger and want without mitigation, or relief, until my hitherto robust frame began to yield to these accumulated inconveniences, and threatened me with early dissolution. As it was, it produced a weakness that has taken years for me to recover from. In this situation I made an appeal to the liberality of the regiment, to which I belonged ; they immediately began a subscription for my relief, but the cap-

tain hearing of their intention, strictly forbade them from sending me a single copper. Thus did the hard-hearted Captain prove that he was sincere when he said he would "show me no mercy at all."

Again did an ever watchful Providence provide me a friend in my extremity, in the person of a Mr. Weidenbecker, with whom I was acquainted during my abode with Capt. Pierce. This gentleman had formed a favorable opinion of my character, and had conceived a feeling of the strongest attachment towards me: he discovered the true reason of my former imprudence, and while he was willing to blame the crime, he saw that the offender was more deserving of pity than censure. From him I occasionally received a supply of food and through him the sympathy of others was excited in my behalf, but notwithstanding these kind helps, I still had much to endure, and much to suffer. Mr. W. also assured me he would procure every possible assistance at my trial, which was expected to come on in the spring; he promised to give his testimony to my moral character, &c. Such tokens of friendship as this, were peculiarly adapted to comfort me in my unfortunate and lonely situation.

I now began to recover from my lameness, and to apply myself to reading and study, especially to music; the latter study, however, was forbidden me by the goaler, to whom it was disagreeable, but being a pious man, he kindly provided me with religious books, to

which I applied myself with persevering diligence, and through which circumstance I obtained a taste for reading and study, which has remained by me to the present time, and which I have found to be especially advantageous.

But while my studious habits gave no small satisfaction to the goaler, it gave rise to an unpleasant excitement among my fellow prisoners, who constantly treated me so rudely, that I was induced to petition for a removal to some other place of confinement; which petition was crowned with success, and I was removed to a pleasant room in the front part of the prison, from whence I had a full view of the market place, &c.

As the time of my trial approached I became extremely impatient; my mind was continually on the rack of suspense in regard to my approaching fate. My accusers however; did not come forward, and my case in consequence, was deferred to the next court which did not sit under six months. Thus I was left through that period, a prey to anxiety and trouble of mind, as well as of bodily suffering; which together, considerably impaired my health. During that time my regiment was removed to Kingston, Upper Canada, and by its removal, begat the hope that my accusers would neglect to appear against me at the next session, and that consequently, I should be kept until its third sitting, and then, from absence of witnesses, should be liberated according to law. Foolish thought! the officers only neglected to

appear at the first court, in order to prolong my imprisonment, and increase my suspense!

Previous to the approach of the next court, I addressed myself to a noted Counsellor in the city, who visited me, and promised to become my advocate; I also prepared an address to the court, soliciting mercy and compassion. When the court commenced its session, I was informed of the arrival of Col. R. and Capt. P. to attend my trial. At length, escorted by a strong guard of Constables, I was placed at the bar; the solemnity of the scene—the importance of my case—and the presence of my accusers, overwhelmed me with confusion, and I almost fell to the earth. My trial however, did not proceed that day; I was simply asked whether guilty or not guilty? to which I replied, "*Not guilty*;" when they ordered me back to prison, informing me I should be tried the next day.

This delay offered me leisure to fortify my mind, and recover from the confusion into which I had been thrown. The next morning I was taken into court under better, and more suitable feelings of mind to endure my trial. The court was crowded and intense interest was displayed by all present during its progress. When the jury were impannelled, I took care to challenge all whose countenances did not bear evidence of youth and sympathy, thinking that those who were in the prime of life, would take a deeper interest in my prosperity and blend mercy with justice. To my confusion, the lawyer who had promised to plead my case,

suddenly left the court, and abandoned me to the mercy of my accusers; the goaler, seeing my distress, whispered me to address the court for an advocate; which I did; whereupon they granted my request.

The landlord who apprehended me was one of the principal witnesses, but he was so altered that I scarcely knew him: a deathlike paleness had overspread his cheeks, and as I was afterwards informed, he died soon after my trial. In about an hour, the testimony of the witnesses was all given in, and after my Counsel had ably and eloquently pleaded my case, the jury, having received their charge, retired, and after a few minutes conversation, returned with a verdict against me, accompanied with a strong *recommendation for* MERCY.

This announcement filled me with alarm and terror; all my hopes were built upon the last words of the jury: "*We recommend him for Mercy.*" My lawyer observing my emotion, came to me at the bar, and told me I need apprehend no danger of suffering death, for said he, "the jury have done an act in recommending you for mercy, which will, in spite of all opposition, prove your salvation." He added, "you will no doubt receive sentence of death, but don't despond, for it will not be executed; but in the course of a short time you will be reprieved, and will probably have to suffer one or two years imprisonment, as the Governor may determine." He then offered me a few words of advice, and left me, having received

my hearty thanks, which was all I had to bestow in return for his services.

I was now remanded back to prison, to await the end of the session, which lasted several days on account of the number of commitments. The result of the proceedings of the court was, that nine were found guilty of capital crimes; when we were all brought up to receive our sentences. It is impossible for me to give a just description of that eventful day; then, every man's strength failed him; every countenance betrayed the secret workings of the heart; every fountain of sorrow was opened, and found vent in floods of tears; the stout hearted trembled, and wished he had never been born. The solemn scene began; when, not a word was heard, save those of the Judge; all was still as death. We were asked if we had any request to make; upon which we all fell upon our knees, and humbly begged for pardon; to which it was replied, "*It cannot be granted you.*" The senior judge now pronounced sentence of death upon us, which ran as follows: "*The sentence of this court is, that you shall be taken back to the place from whence you came, and from thence, in four weeks, be conveyed to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God Almighty have mercy upon your souls.*" Notwithstanding I had but little apprehension about the putting of this sentence into execution, yet my sensations were peculiarly distressing; and although I affected indifference, yet my heart was sad; it was im-

MR. W. AND FRIEND PRESENTING THE PETITION

possible to divest myself of fear and terror. We were now conducted back to prison, loaded with irons, and were thrust into the condemned room, a sorrowful, gloomy, and miserable apartment, to which none were admitted, save the clergy, and those who had business of importance with the prisoners.

On the third day after my condemnation, my friend Mr. Weidenbecker, in company with another gentleman, came to visit me; they mentioned the expediency of petitioning His Excellency, the Earl of Dalhousie, the Governor, for my reprieve, and offered to prepare it, if I were willing. Of course I assented, and the next day Mr. W. returned with a petition, very ably drawn up for my signature. After signing it myself, he subscribed his own name, and having procured the signatures of the jurors of my trial, forwarded it to the Governor immediately. Such was the benevolence of this gentleman, and such his attachment towards me, that I shall never cease to remember his name with gratitude. His, was a love which approached nearest to disinterestedness of any thing I ever knew; he unexpectedly became my friend in my hour of extremity and danger, and his friendship remained inviolable, during my acquaintance with him. What acquisition is so precious as that of a friend?

How strong the *friendly* heart controls,
The feelings of our troubled souls.
It cheers the gloom of blackest night,
And puts our num'rous fears to flight.

The prisoner's den, it lights with hope!
And makes his gloomy soul look up!
And though he may with woe contend,
He finds a treasure in his friend.

Friendship on earth! 'tis nobler far,
Than all the riches of a Czar!
A friend whose love through woe will hold,
His worth can ne'er be told in GOLD!

Perhaps the reader would be pleased to learn something of the character and feelings of my fellow prisoners, while under condemnation, and in expectation of speedy death. Of our number, seven were Catholics, natives of Canada, except one, who was a South American; these were profane and disgusting in their conversation and manners, at first, a very natural consequence of the destructive faith they professed. If they sinned, they found a salvo for a guilty conscience in confession to the priest, who, poor man, affected to forgive them offences, committed against a holy and infinite God. The other was a protestant, a mulatto from the United States, whose demeanor was more serious and proper. We were visited daily, by Roman Catholic priests, to whom their adherents paid no small share of reverence and attention. We were also visited by a Clergyman of the establishment, who labored incessantly to instruct us in the wisdom of the Gospel, and to impress our minds with the importance of obedience to its precepts. Such, however, was our state, that we understood but little of the vitality of religion, or of its operation upon the

heart. For my own part, although I had received some knowledge of God in my early life, yet I had supposed that a strict attention to morality, was all the Bible required. I knew, to be sure, that Jesus Christ had suffered death, but for what, and for whom I scarcely knew; hence, when questioned about the grace of God, repentance, and faith, all I could say, only tended to set forth my lamentable ignorance of these glorious truths. This discovery induced the Clergyman to spare no efforts, time, or pains, to pour instruction into our dark and benighted minds. He seriously exhorted us to attend to the salvation of our souls, pointing out the way in the simplest and most affectionate manner, and then joining in prayer, he would commit us to God, and leave us to our reflections.

I became deeply serious, reflected much upon my past folly, and thought that then was the best time to seek religion, and the salvation of my soul; but alas! I went no further, though his labors were not in vain, inasmuch as they laid the foundation of my subsequent conversion. The effects of his visits, however, were glorious in regard to the mulatto; for he became deeply convicted, and began to call upon God through Jesus Christ, and soon found salvation through his most precious blood. He remained, during the rest of his life a most devoted and holy Christian, the work of grace upon his heart, was evident to every observer.

While in this confinement, I received the

following epistle from Mr. Apple, my former comrade, who had obtained his discharge.

Laprarie, Oct. —, 1823.

My Dear Friend—Your unfortunate situation is a subject of the deepest concern to me. Nothing ever gave me more exquisite pain than the news of your being sentenced to death. But the fact that the jury plead for your life, upon the day of trial, is a subject the most interesting and cheering that I can conceive of; and I have no reason to doubt but that you will be pardoned. Indeed, I am impatiently waiting to hear the result of your case. Believe me, comrade, I feel for you as I should for a son, and would as soon fly to your relief. Let me advise you to endure your sufferings patiently. Don't be dispirited, but submit your case to the all-wise disposer of human events, who alone is able to sustain the afflicted, and make way for their escape. And, although your situation is apparently the most dismal that could well be imagined, yet, let me cheer your gloomy mind with the fond assurance that you may safely hope soon to receive pardon; for the circumstance I have mentioned, is proof that you cannot—will not suffer. Let my sympathy, together with the little sum I send enclosed, cheer you, till you are more happily relieved. Did not the distance, and the pressure of business prevent, I should visit you You will therefore, kindly excuse me, and believe me to be your sincere friend.

HENRY APPLE.

This letter came to hand very opportunely, and had a happy effect upon my mind. My heart had begun to sink, at the sight of the misery and wretchedness the prisoners now began to evince, as the day of execution approached. Their solemn and intense preparations to meet their fates; the perfect security under which we were confined; but above all, their deep groans in the night season, as they awoke from their terriffic dreams, were causes powerful enough to disturb the peace of one in the possession of liberty and prosperity; much more, of one who was by no means certain that he would not die a culprit's death. At length the gaoler visited our apartment, bringing me the cheering intelligence that the Governor had sent my reprieve, and told me I should be taken out of my irons the next day, and conveyed to another room. This intelligence made me rejoice beyond degree, and notwithstanding my irons, I paced the room with exultation, and felt as if I were light as a feather; nor did I envy the king on his throne. I was not permitted to pass the night in the dismal cell with the poor culprits, but was removed to one adjoining, whence I heard no more their dismal cries and groanings. I slept but little through the night for joy, and in the morning my irons were taken off, and I left my dreary dungeon, and took possession of my old apartment opposite the public street. My extacy of joy that I now felt was beyond language to describe. I felt relieved, yea, I almost felt as if I was libera-

ted, and returned to the endearing circles of social life. At this moment I feel sentiments of devotional gratitude arising to God for his goodness and mercy in delivering me from so horrible a fate! And may God grant, that what the dear young reader has seen of the evil of crime, may influence his conduct, that he may ever live and walk in the path of virtue, liberty, and happiness.

CHAPTER IV.

From the time he was reprieved, to his final escape from imprisonment—in which is manifest the providence and grace of God.

My reprieve from death, and liberation from the room of the condemned, had a powerful effect upon their feelings; each looked anxiously and wishfully for the day when they should receive theirs also. But alas! some of them looked in vain; for in a few days a death warrant arrived for two of my companions, one of whom was the mulatto, the other was one of the Canadians. The rest of the prisoners were now brought into the room with myself to await the future pleasure of the Governor, where we rejoiced together with as much glee as if we had been entirely freed from all restraint. But while we were thus rejoicing in our deliverance, one of our number was in a moment snatched from his superabundant joy, and placed again in a state of deepest sorrow; for the day after

his reprieve, the gaoler entered the room and informed him that *his* death warrant had arrived, and that he must be conducted back to the condemned cell to await his execution with the other two. What a sudden change was this! The poor fellow's countenance fell; he wrung his hands in agony, and gave vent to his feelings in piteous accents of deep despair. Every prisoner among us participated in his sufferings, and with many tears, bid him farewell. He was then conducted back to his old abode, to join his companions in death. The night previous to their execution, we were allowed to pay them a last visit. We found them all three chained and handcuffed, sitting on their iron bedsteads, engaged in acts of devotion. They talked feelingly and freely about their views and prospects; one of them observed he had been looking out at his grated window, watching the sun, and said he, "*I have seen him set for the last time, and before his next setting, I shall be in eternity.*" He said further, "*I am willing to suffer, for I have an evidence that my sins are all forgiven, and that through the merits of Jesus Christ I shall be saved.*" The mulatto was no less composed: his mind was calm and tranquil: he said but little except in answer to our questions.

They exhorted us to take warning from their example; to seek religion; refrain from sin; and live pious and virtuous lives; after which, we took them each by the hand, and with much difficulty pronounced the "good bye:" our

hearts were so swolen with grief, that we could hardly command our feelings.

Early the next morning the prison yards, and every adjacent spot were crowded with spectators, who came to witness the awful scene. At twelve o'clock the victims were brought from prison, and with tottering steps conveyed to the drop; the ropes were carefully adjusted round their necks, and after the offering up of prayer to God by the clergy, commending their souls to his infinite mercy, the drop fell; they struggled a few moments, and then all was still as death; they had gone to their reward. I viewed their death from a chink in the wall of my prison; and never, till that moment, did I experience such cold, chilling, heart rending emotions; and I pray God I may never again witness a similar scene. I cannot forbear just mentioning to my readers, the crimes for which these men suffered; two of them had been accomplices in breaking into a store; and the other had stolen some live stock which was found in his possession, and recovered again. These were the crimes for which they were hung; that their punishment was greater than their crimes is obvious; and all I need say is, that it is time such laws were abrogated by every nation professing the christian religion. I am, however, happy to state that the laws of my beloved country are annually becoming more lenient and merciful, and that *death* is now only inflicted for higher and more dangerous crimes.

The awful feelings, incident to the solemnities we had witnessed, were soon worn off by a consideration of our own situation: as to our future lot we were entirely ignorant: we amused ourselves with conjecturing what would be the result, when, after a few weeks, it was revealed to us in the following mysterious manner.

In the dark hour of night as we were occupied in walking up and down our room in conversation about our future destiny, we were suddenly alarmed with the rattling of chains and the approach of footsteps towards the door of our room; we were amazed; every man turned pale, some expecting nothing else but to be brought once more under the fatal sentence from which we had been reprieved, while others, more sanguine, thought we were about to be taken across the St. Lawrence and commanded to leave the country. In the midst of our fears the door was opened; a number of men entered, laden with irons, and without the least ceremony, riveted them fast upon our limbs. This done, we were ordered down the prison stairs, and conducted to the yard, where was a horse and cart in waiting, into which, with much difficulty, we clambered. We were then driven through the main street to the wharf, and put on board a steamboat which immediately started towards Quebec. The reason of this strange and mysterious move we could not conjecture; but finally concluded we were about to be transported to Bermuda, or

some other foreign place, until the gaoler, who was one of our attendants, informed us we were all sentenced to five years hard labor in Quebec jail.

The boat made a stop at Three Rivers, and took in another prisoner, who was under the same sentence as ourselves, and after forty-eight hours sail, arrived at Quebec. The gaoler, under whose care we were now to be placed, soon came on board, and having ascertained our numbers, &c. left us, and speedily returned with a horse cart, in which we were taken to the prison; the sight of which, was enough to fill the mind with the most gloomy apprehensions. Passing through the main entry, which was closely guarded by iron gates and huge wooden doors, we were conducted up a flight of stairs, through a dismal passage, to a room in the north part of the prison, designated "the work-house," where we were received by several companions in distress and confinement, whose looks and language bespoke our sympathy.

We had not been here long before we were visited by the turnkey, accompanied with a blacksmith, who, to our no small satisfaction, relieved us of our irons, which already had produced on some of us swolen legs and sore hands. Our apartment was one of the pleasantest in the prison, as it afforded us a view of the street, and of the soldiers barracks, and tended very much to relieve the otherwise lonliness of our situation. But the gaoler, fear-

ing we should attempt our escape, soon removed us to a more solitary and secure situation, where we could only see the sentinel as he paced up and down on his post in the back yard of the prison.

One advantage we enjoyed here was, that visters were admitted every day to see those prisoners, who, for petty offences, were confined for a few months; by means of these we were enabled to send out for almost any article we were able to purchase, so that our situation upon the whole was preferable to what it was at Montreal, labor excepted. On the Sabbath, divine worship was performed in one of the apartments in the prison, of which privilege I availed myself every Sunday without an exception.

The reader has already understood that we were doomed to spend our term of imprisonment in hard labor; to effect this, we were placed upon a *tread wheel*, which was used to break stones for the public highway. The wheel was very large and admitted a number of prisoners upon it at the same time. It was set in motion by the weight of the prisoners, who were then obliged to keep a regular step, or run the risk of breaking their legs. Fortunately for us, the concern did not meet the expectation of the projector, and was soon laid aside, to our great joy and satisfaction. The failure of this project by no means prevented us from being kept actively employed; for we were then required to pick thirty pounds of oakum a man per week, which was no easy or trifling task.

With our labor we found our appetites increased, and our scanty allowance, (which was bread and water, it being but one pound and a half of bread, composed of coarse materials, which was all the kind of food we had allowed us) was insufficient to support us in our work. We immediately made our complaint to the gaoler, informing him that unless he gave us more to eat we could not do the task assigned us; in reply, he told us "*he could not help us, and that we had better apply to the Governor.*" Upon this we drew up a petition, setting forth our wants and privations in the clearest and most forcible manner, and praying for immediate and effectual relief, and sent it to the Governor. But it produced no effect. We next petitioned the citizens, presenting our distress, as we had to the Governor, and imploring them to assist us by affording us some of the necessaries of life, out of the abundance they possessed. Here we were successful, and for a while obtained some small mitigation of our sorrows, but as we continued to plead for a continuation of these favors, and to paint our wants in the most glowing colors, our situation became a matter of notoriety, our distress became a matter of common conversation, until the officers of the prison discovering that they were likely to be charged with inhumanity and hard-heartedness published us as *imposters*, and by this act stifled every generous and charitable feeling towards us, and blasted all our hopes of assistance from this quarter.

So far did the distress endured by us extend, that on one occasion, as the turnkey came to our apartment, he was followed by a large cat, a great favorite of one of the gentlemen of the prison, which passed along into one of the cells and was unobservedly left in the room. The prisoners like beings suffering with starvation, seized the poor creature, and immediately killed and cooked it, and in less than two hours eat him up; those who partook of it declared it was as savoury as veal.

We now contrived another plan to obtain help, which was to make skewers for the butchers, out of part of the wood we were allowed for fires. As the avails of these skewers, we received the offal of the market, such as beef's heads, sheep's heads, and pluck, &c. some of which would stink like carrion, but we devoured every think with greediness; but others in the prison observing our success adopted the same method and soon spoiled our market.

I now applied myself to drawing and painting, for which I possessed considerable taste, hoping to obtain a trifling sum for my productions, but found myself disappointed. However, I followed it for amusement, as it tended to beguile away many of my tedious hours. Added to want of food, we suffered greatly from cold, as all the bed clothing we were allowed, was one blanket per man. Our dress too, became thread-bare and torn, and some indeed were almost naked; which greatly increased our sufferings by the cold. But this was not the worst;

the prison was filthy, and not having proper necessaries to make us comfortable, we became exceedingly infested with lice, so that, in short, we presented a spectacle, that would make humanity shudder at the sight.

We next resolved to rid ourselves of part of our labor, which we did by throwing a large portion of rope, brought us to be picked, into the *privy*, so that out of thirty pounds brought to us, we seldom returned more than one half, the rest being destroyed in the way mentioned, or by fire. In this way we contrived to clear the prison of the article, and thus were out of employ for some time. A great failure, however, in the returns made at the end of the job, created strong suspicions that we had destroyed some of our work, but as they possessed no evidence of our guilt, we for a while, remained undiscovered. By and by however, the draught, though twenty feet in depth, became filled up, which led the turnkey to inspect it, when he found a huge pile of rope which we had placed there. Enraged at the discovery, he told us that we should pick it all out as soon as the spring opened, and the draught should be thawed. In this however, he was mistaken, for soon after it began to thaw, the heavy current of water which passed through, washed it away through the common sewer into the river, and we heard no more about it.

These unmitigated sorrows and troubles tended to drive us almost to despair, and some of the prisoners were strongly tempted to commit

suicide; and I doubt not but they would have done it, had it not been for a faint hope that they should make their escape. Amid these calamities I was prompted to write to my friend Mr. W. of Montreal, stating to him my situation and sufferings. He was pleased to answer me, and recommended me to write to two of his friends in Quebec, whose addresses he sent in his letter. I accordingly wrote to one of them, who only ridiculed me for my pains. However, I sent to him a second time, and enclosed Mr. W's. letter in one of my own, which had a better effect. He sent me some necessaries and a dollar in money.

When this was expended I wrote to the other, who immediately came to visit me; upon entering the room, he inquired for me by name, and said he was Mr. ———. Taking him aside, I presented him with Mr. W's. letter; after perusing it some time, he asked me, "*are you a mason?*" I replied, no sir; upon which he started back and said, "*I took you to be one by your writing, but as you are not I shall render you no assistance.*" He then left me, apparently much chagrined. I confess I was not a little surprised at the man's conduct, at his being so desirous to know if I was a *mason*, and on finding I was not, treated me with so much disdain and contempt. Reader, he belonged to a party whose narrow benevolence is confined to their own narrow circle! What a benevolent institution is Free Masonry!

Failing to obtain help from this source, I

wrote to my father, but as I never received an answer, I know not whether he ever saw my letter. My situation remaining so painful, and seeing no hope of its being any better, I began to think of making my escape. To effect it from our room of confinement I saw was impossible. I then turned my attention to another spot, where the prospect was truly flattering. After we had done our week's work, we had to take our several portions into an upper garret. In this garret were three windows, unprotected by iron bars and of easy access upon the inside, from whence we were told by the turnkey, some prisoners of the enemy made their escape, during the American war. I used in my weekly visits to this place, to open the windows and look down upon the busy multitude below, and sometimes would become so excited as to be scarcely able to refrain from making the attempt in open day. My plan was to secrete myself among the oakum, and in the night, descend into the street by the aid of a rope. Before it could be accomplished however, it was necessary to obtain the confidence of my fellow prisoners, and their consent to keep my absence a secret from the turnkey, long enough for me to make my escape. Accordingly I laid my plan before them, upon which they promised to aid me with their secrecy, though they thought me venturesome in attempting it that way, as the window was four stories from the ground, and a trifling mishap would be attended with the most serious consequences. The next time we

carried our oakum, I was so successful during the hurry of business as to secrete myself among the lumber of the garret; the rest of the prisoners retired, and I fancied myself safe, and sure to escape as soon as night should favor me with darkness. Unfortunately, as the prisoners were going back to their room, an orderly prisoner who had the liberty of the yard, and who assisted the turnkey in his duties, perceived me to be missing from among the rest; suspecting the cause, he immediately returned to the garret, and having the keys of that apartment entered, and bade me come forward, for I was in the most serious danger of being discovered. I remained unwilling to yield, but he continued to persuade me, and bid me for my own safety to regard him as my friend. Finding I was discovered, I came forward from my retreat, and asked the cause of his importunity. He replied, "that having apprehended my design, he had come to dissuade me from it, inasmuch as it would expose me to death, should I fail, and bring him under reprehension for not keeping a close watch." He added, "you may possibly make your escape some other way, where I will not betray you, nor will I mention the present affair. Afraid of further discovery I retired to my room, much disappointed, to meditate on some new and more successful scheme.

My next attempt was as follows: Our water was situated near the outer door of the prison, from whence we had to get it

every day, in large wooden vessels. I saw it was barely possible to rush by the sentry into the street, and accordingly determined to make the trial. I communicated it to my companions, who, pleased with my resolution, jocosely exclaimed, "*get away if you can!*" To aid me in my purpose they agreed to appoint me their orderly, so that I should be able to select the most favorable opportunity. To avoid suspicion, I used to go without my hat, having secured beneath my pantaloons, an old woolen cap, which I begged of a Frenchman, one of the prisoners. One day going as usual after my water, while filling my tub very deliberately, the sentry, attracted by some novelty, turned his head, when siezing the precious opportunity, I sprang to the door, and was in the street, in a moment, running like a race horse. Just as I sprang through the door-way, the turnkey, impatient at our delay, came to the head of the stairs,and stooping down to see what was doing, discovered a pair of heels at the door, and suspecting foul play, he rushed into the street before I had got ten rods from the gaol. I was however, upon the full run, but the roads being slippery, (it was in the early part of spring, when the streets were covered with ice) and my shoes dry, I made but little progress; the turnkey rapidly gained upon me, and with such a stentorious shout, as he said, "*stop that prisoner,*" that alarmed me of his unwelcome approach. I ran with all possible speed, until by slipping and tumbling, he came upon me, and

knocked me down with a blow, and then fastening a firm grasp on my collar, conducted me back to the prison. Upon arriving at the prison door, I found the guard had prepared themselves for a pursuit after me; they manifested the most angry feelings, the sentry especially, was so infuriated that had he dared, he would have run me through with his bayonet. A large concourse of spectators had also assembled from all quarters, among whom was the gaoler, who dealt out a number of blows upon my head with his fist, and pulled my ears most shamefully, and ordered me to be put in irons, and confined in the dungeon.

My place of confinement was opposite the guard-house, and the soldiers amused themselves with mimicking my sufferings; which, together with my miserable situation, so exasperated and excited my passions, that I shook my irons, knocked at the door, and screamed with such vehemence, that I became entirely exhausted, and at last, ashamed of my conduct. In the evening I was taken out of the dungeon, and conveyed back to my room where I was suffered to remain in irons a week.

The prisoners still continued to make the most bitter complaints, until exasperated by their continued misery, they formed a resolution to break out of the prison: an agreement was made, by which all of us promised to abide. The next question was, where to make the attempt; to break from our own room, seemed to be a task insurmountable, and impossible, on account of its being so near the post occu-

pied by the sentry. The room in which we were first confined, viz. the workhouse, offered advantages far preferable to the one we occupied, which made it a matter of importance for us to gain possesion of it if practicable. This could not be done without the consent of the gaoler; to gain this, we behaved ourselves in the most unexceptionable manner, and having ingratiated ourselves in his favor, we made our request to be confined in the workhouse, as we thought we should enjoy ourselves better, as in our present room we were in danger of sickness, from the almost insufferable stench of the privy. Supposing us sincere, he granted us the privilege, as also the liberty of walking occasionally in the yard. Our time being occupied during the day in breaking stones, for which we received one half penny per bushel, we had but little spare time to mature our project. Previous to commencing operations, we bound ourselves by oath, to stand or fall together. In doing this, we chose an old man by the name of Pireau for a justice, who was inferior to none in administering the oath. He was candid, deliberate, and solemn, obliging each to repeat the words after him, and to kiss the Holy Bible, (after the English manner of taking the oath) concluding with these words, "I will agree to the design proposed, and in every respect prove faithful, so help me God!"

We immediately proceeded to make preparations; the old man was appointed chief in the enterprise; his plan was to cut away the bars

of our window, as no other way seemed practicable. To effect this, we sent out by one of the visitors, and procured a knife and file; the knife however, was so thick and unfit for the purpose, we had to take it, each alternately, and rub it on a stone until it became fit for our purpose. The old man, who was afterwards, for his singular cunning, called the "*old fox*" made it into a saw, and hid it over a door, ready for a convenient time. From our being so strictly guarded by sentinels, it was difficult to determine where to commence our operations; at length, we fixed on the window of the north corner of the prison, which was the only place where we could expect success. Close by this window was the wall of the prison yard, which rose about three feet higher than the window: our intention was, to cut away the inner and the outer bars, and then by means of a plank we had procured for the purpose, mount the top of the wall, and descend on the other side by a rope attached to the remaining bars of the window. As we were so closely guarded by sentinels, we were necessarily prevented from prosecuting our scheme in calm nights, and were obliged to select the wet and stormy, when the sentinels would be taking the shelter afforded them by their boxes. While our old friend was employed in cutting the bars, the rest of us were stationed as watchers round the room to observe the least movement, and give timely warning of the minutest sound. One of our number was placed by the window,

next to the sentinel in the yard, having a string in his hand, attached to one of the old man's great toes, which in case of alarm, was to be pulled as a signal for him to desist from his labor. This, however, he soon had tied round his ancle instead of his toe, for one of us hearing some sound one night, gave the old man's toe such an unpleasant jirk as almost drew him from his post, and made him curse roundly for the suffering it occasioned. While our plan was in rapid progress we were interrupted by an addition of one to our number; as he was a young and inexperienced boy, and confined for one month only, we thought it best to desist until his liberation, for fear he should betray us. But by a casualty he discovered our design; and having frightened him half to death, and bound him by a solemn oath not to divulge, we proceeded on our work. At length we had so far succeeded, that another night would have effected our escape; as might be expected our joy was great at the prospect of speedy liberty: we fancied our troubles and sorrows were near to an end. Under this happy feeling we proceeded with our day's labor, (breaking stones) with cheerfulness, little suspecting a disappointment. About eleven o'clock in the morning, we heard the turnkey enter our apartment and order every one out of the room, saying, "*I believe some of you are adopting some measure for escape; I am come to see whether it is so or not.*" He began by examining the beds; (we had then one straw bed for each two) on coming to the

old man's and mine, (we were comrades) he found our saw hid among the straw. He next commenced a close examiation of the bars and windows, and on coming to the one in which the cut was made, as if aware that was the place, he paid more than ordinary attention, and notwithstanding the cut was carefully filled up with charcoal and tallow, he soon discovered it, upon which he exclaimed, "*ah, here it is! I have found the place where they are breaking away!*" Our feelings were unutterably painful at this discovery; we looked on each other with sorrowful hearts, that our hopes were thus once more blasted, and our expectations of deliverance from our misery cut off. We were soon all collected together, and driven like slaves into the dungeon; and those who were suspected as the worst, were immediately put into irons: among whom was Mr. Pireau and myself, as they supposed us to be the ring leaders; and when the keeper made the affair public, we were published as such, although in reality, we were no more deeply involved than the rest. After remaining for a number of days in this situation, and when they thought we had suffered enough, a blacksmith was brought to relieve us from our irons, and we were placed back into our old abode, viz. the noxious, unhealthy room facing the back yard. The old man however, suffered several weeks longer than the rest, through the cruelty of the blacksmith; for while taking off our irons, he was so careless as to strike our legs, and oth-

erwise injure us by his brutality. The old man loudly complained of such rough treatment, and besought him to use him more gently; whereupon, the unfeeling wretch became more careless, and the old man still complaining, he refused to take them off and left him; through which circumstance he wore them nearly a month longer.

I had now spent about sixteen months in my dreary abode, when I heard that my regiment was ordered home, and had arrived at Quebec for the purpose of embarking. Upon this information, I fondly indulged a delusive hope that I should be released from my confinement, and taken back to my regiment, and my COUNTRY, where I might expect a discharge, through the influence of my parents. Being visited almost every day by the soldiers, I made every possible inquiry respecting the probabilities of my future fate, but could learn nothing satisfactory. Desirous of improving my opportunity, I petitioned the body of officers, humbly confessing my error, and soliciting their clemency and official influence in setting me at liberty. A few days expired, and Capt. Pierce came to visit me, and as if I had not suffered half enough, he began to curse and swear at me, like a man void of compassion, on account of my crime. His unexpected and ungodly treatment struck me dumb, so that I scarcely said ten words during the visit. He told me the officers had received my petition, but that they could not assist me; there-

fore I must be content to wait the expiration of my term of imprisonment. He then presented me with a dollar, saying, "*I give you this that you may apply it to your present necessities.*" Upon this, I bowed and thanked him for his kindness, and he left me. I could not help regarding this gift as a token of some remaining tenderness, from one whose general appearance and manners, bespoke a heart impregnable to human suffering. I next wrote to the Adjutant, who also visited me, and appeared so kind and familiar, that I was freed from my embarrassment, and talked freely about my views and feelings. I gave him to understand I had been informed, that in consequence of having been delivered over to civil power, I was no longer a soldier, as that act had absolved me from sustaining any other relation, save that of a civilian, and that as my discharge had been given over to the court at my trial, it must be given me at the end of my term of imprisonment. He told me I was not discharged, as my name still continued on the military roll, and that it was probable I should eventually be joined to some other corps.

This information tended effectually to discourage me, and to cut off almost my last hope; for I saw it was quite probable, I should be tried for desertion, after my imprisonment, and perhaps be transported for life in some condemned corps. A few days previous to the embarkation of the regiment, I wrote to Colonel R. requesting an interview, (in conse-

quence of the death of Col. Andrews, who died in Kingston, this officer was now commander of the regiment) he came, and to him I humbly confessed my error, and implored his influence to effect my release from prison and restoration to the regiment. In answer, he said his influence could do me no good, as he could not procure my release; if he could, it would afford him pleasure to do it. He expressed his sorrow at seeing my situation, and said he hoped it would end in my good; I next asked him about my discharge; he said I was still a soldier, but not under their command, in consequence of which, they must leave me behind, the governor having power to do as his wisdom should direct after my release. From this I concluded that my days of happiness were past and that I was doomed to sorrow and suffering during the rest of my life. Before the regiment left Quebec, all the *foreigners* were discharged, so that they might have none but British subjects under their command; these discharged soldiers rendered me some important relief by their generosity; for which may they be rewarded in heaven!

Having failed in every attempt we had yet made, our hearts were sunken, and we were therefore miserable and unhappy, but still desirous of improving every opportunity, in which we could discover any hope of success: we each seperatley joined to watch for our own relief. Having now only one alternative, we thought of improving that in hopes of gaining

our release, which was to petition to the governor, and humbly implore His Excellency's clemency in our behalf; but of all the number of petitions we sent, we received no answer or assistance. Thinking we had now exhausted every means within our power to gain our liberty, or any relief from our misery, we desisted from all further efforts and submitted ourselves as patiently as we could to our wretched and miserable fate. But we had not been long in this state of gloomy despair before our hopes were again lit up far brighter than ever, insomuch, that it exhilerated our feeble strength, and made us think without a doubt our present troubles and sorrows were near an end. The circumstance was as follows. A ship of the line had arrived in the harbor, the officers of which visited the prison for the purpose of obtaining some able bodied men to go on board for the service. The keepers of the prison permitted us all into their presence, when they asked us if we were willing to volunteer to go on board a man of war, to which we all answered in the affirmative. They then proceeded to take down our names, &c. telling us they should send for us in a few days. But alas! our hopes were soon disappointed in hearing that they had sailed:—why or wherefore they did not take us we were never informed.

At length I obtained the confidence of my keepers, who were so kind as to relieve me from my confinement, by taking me to act as waiter for a gentleman confined for debt, which

service procured me the liberty of the yard, though I was still shut up in my room at night. In the mean time the prisoners contrived another plan to attempt an escape, and notwitstanding their former ill success determined to prosecute it. The plan was at once hazardous and cunning; it was to descent the draught of the privy, and follow up the channel, and coming under the public street, to cut a hole through, and escape. In taking this course, we had to act with great caution, as we had to pass under several draughts, directly by the gaoler's apartment; hence, if any had been visiting those places, we must inevitably have been discovered by our lights. As I had the privilege of being out of my room every day, the prisoners depended on me to procure them a supply of candles to aid them in carrying on the scheme, which I was fortunate enough to do, as I had then a few pence by me, and being more willing to support them in their plan, I denied myself of the relief and comfort it would otherwise have afforded, and bought of the gaoler (as he kept a small store in the prison) all the lights necessary for the accomplishment of their object. To form some idea of the practicability of the plan, Mr. Pireau offered to decend and reconnoiter, and ascertain the difficulties to be surmounted. Accordingly a strong rope was procured, and he, taking a firm grasp of the end, was gradually lowered down to the bottom of the draught, though with much inconvenience on account of the narrow aperture. The

"*old fox*" soon returned, and shaking the rope, was drawn up in triumph; he declared nothing could be more encouraging, as there was but one obstacle in the way, which was an iron grating formed of single bars directly under the wall of the prison yard; one of which, he said, must be cut away in order to allow us to get under the street. He jocosely observed, that of all the ways he had been in his life, that was the most *foul* and *offensive*; and indeed well it might be, as it was the common receptacle of all the prison filth, &c. Materials were soon procured for the purpose of cutting the bar, which the old man soon effected. Desirous to know something about the prospect before us, and anxious to afford some assistance, in company with another prisoner, I descended, and having spent a short time in examining the point of attack, returned and reported my opinion that it was practicable.

It was now agreed that all should descend, as we did not intend making the hole until we were all ready for a pop-out. One individual declined accompanying us, as his health was very feeble, and his time of imprisonment was nearly expired; he promised, however, to remain in his bed, until the turnkey should come to bring in the wood for our fire in the morning; that upon discovery of our absence, he would affect entire ignorance. Satisfied with this promise, one evening after the turnkey had gone his rounds at nine o'clock, we descended, nine of us in number, and proceeded up the

channel. In coming to the narrow places between the draughts, we experienced great difficulty, as a great rain, which had recently fallen had filled up the channel, so that crawling as we were obliged to do, on our hands and knees, we were in danger of suffocation, and with all our efforts we could but just keep our heads above the rapid current of filthy water

The prisoners were sadly disappointed at having to endure such troubles, for they had expected to be able to walk erect, and without difficulty; they conseqently began to blame and censure us most blasphemously for having brought them into such a filthy hole. Some were so unfortunate as to drown their lights and were consequently involved in darkness, which so discouraged them, that they would have turned and gone back, but the channel was too narrow to afford them that privilege; they were therefore obliged to go ahead. The old man, who was forward, and who kept his light burning, endeavored to encourage the rest behind him, and in return for his courage, would receive oaths and curses. Indeed, the scene was one of the most ludicrous that could well be imagined: nor could I refrain from laughing heartily, to hear the prisoners bewailing their calamity as they toiled up the way upon their *hands* and *knees*. We could not possibly avoid getting wet all over; this we had in a measure expected; and had consequently put on our poorest articles of clothing, carrying the rest in our bundles for a change. But notwithstand-

ing all our efforts, our bundles became as wet as ourselves, as we were unable to carry them in our arms, but were obliged to drag them along in the best way we could. The place of operation was more spacious, and afforded us a little relief from our toil and danger; there we all stopped, expecting in a few moments to breathe a purer air, and to enjoy the blessings of liberty. I was then ordered forward to assist the old man in preparing the excavation, as only two of us could labor together. After laboring some time without the least sign of success, the men became dissatisfied, and impatient, when the following conversation took place: "Well, are you almost ready?" No, was our reply. A few moments passed, and they inquired more earnestly: "Have you got the hole made?" We answered no. At which they became more uneasy; some swore, and others blackguarded us for being lazy. Again they exclaimed, "Is the hole made now?" Again we answered no: "Well what is the matter, don't you do any thing?" Yes! we shall get through by and by, only keep still. They now began praising us until their fit of impatience came upon them, and they inquired again, halloo there, old fox, what are you about? Is the hole made now? We answered no, and we are afraid we shall not be able to accomplish much, the water is so high, besides we must have something with which to dig into the wall. It may be observed here, that we had no implement to aid us but the bar, we had cut

out of the grating, and the channel being walled on each side, and overlaid with large timbers, we could not make the least impression. The prisoners again demanded if we were ready to go out; to which we replied, it was impossible to succeed that night; and it was best for us to return to our room, until the water should subside, and we be able to procure some article to aid us in forcing away the stones and timbers.

Now commenced a scene the most *infamous* and *diabolical* I ever witnessed in my life. On account of our ill success, the prisoners became extremely enraged, and cursed the old man and myself for having brought them down into that wretched filthy hole. They set up a most hideous yell and pronounced curses enough had they been heard, to have sunk them and the draught into perdition. For my own part, I heartily wished their heads fast stuck in the filth, through which they were struggling, until they learnt how to be silent. After regaining the draught, we hailed the man, who remained in the room, who lowered the rope, and drew up the lightest of us, and then one after the other, we ascended to our abode, wet and miserable, where we had to cleanse, and hang up our clothes to be put on wet in the morning. It was well for us that the individual, who was our main help in getting back into the room, remained there, or we must have suffered, if not some of us perished before morning.

After wringing out my clothes, I retired to

bed; where, having nothing but a blanket to cover me, I passed the night, cold and shivering. In the morning, I arose and passed to my duty without any remark made about my appearance, and probably our attempt would have remained undiscovered, had it not been for the treachery of one of our number, who, regardless of the solemn oath he had taken, revealed the whole circumstance to the gaoler, and turnkey, a short time after I had left the room to wait as usual on the gentleman before mentioned. No sooner were they informed of the fact than they drove us all down into the dungeon, where they examined us, to ascertain who were the instigators and ringleaders of the plot. As the old man and myself were found guilty in the former case, so were we condemned as the instigators of this plan, and were consequently loaded heavily with irons.

While in this helpless situation, two of the prisoners conceiving me to be the cause of their being immersed in the dungeon, afflicted me with the most violent abuse, and even robbed me of my food. However, the night relieved me from the company of these ungrateful wretches, as they were taken back to their room, while my comrade and myself were left inmates of the dark, miserable hole; but it seemed less filthy after the others had been removed.

As our irons were very troublesome, my old comrade, with the help of a piece of iron, made out to cut his in such a way, that he could put

them off and on at pleasure; so that during the day he would walk about the dungeon without them, and sleep with them off at night; but on the approach of the turnkey, would put them on again; when one day the turnkey surprised him before he had time to get them on, they were immediately riveted on more firmly than ever.

Upon being restored back to my room, I resolved within myself, that I would never make another attempt to escape in company with others, inasmuch, as there were some, who would be sure to betray, either from fear, or desire to gain the approbation and favor of the officers of the prison. It was only a few days after I had been placed back in my room, that some of the prisoners made another attempt to escape by the same way. The turnkey had just gone his round, when one of them descended the draught to examine the grating, &c. when, in less than five minutes, the keepers sprang in suddenly, and began their inquiries, by asking for old Mr. P. and myself. Happily we were in bed; but although we informed them of the fact, they could hardly be persuaded that it was not us, who had descended the draught, until the gaoler's wife came to our bed and assured them we were indeed there. She appeared to be much concerned about us, and would not be satisfied with our answers; but as the light was in the hands of the turnkey, in another part of the room, she felt the outside of the bed in order to assure herself that we were there. She asked

us if we had any hand in breaking out; we told her no, nor we never meant to be guilty of such a *crime* again, so long as we remained in prison.

The poor fellow who had descended, was soon taken out through a trap-door, when the turnkey beat him most shamefully with a cudgel, and in a cruel manner drove him down to the dungeon, where he was heavily ironed, and kept for a considerable time. This circumstance had such an effect on the prisoners that they abandoned all idea of liberation until their time should be expired.

As I had resolved to adopt the same resolution, I thought it best, while shut up from active life, to devote myself to the improvement of my mind, which would tend to prepare me for future happiness. My means of improvement were very small; I had access to but very few books; however, I strove to improve somewhat in writing, arithmetic and drawing; to which studies I devoted every moment of leisure I possessed. I soon found this course efficient to relieve me of that insufferable prison melancholy, of which I had heretofore been the unhappy subject, and it proved ultimately to pave the way for the unexpected and glorious change I subsequently experienced.

About this time it happened, that a young Englishman was committed to our prison for a petty crime. He was well educated, and possessed a tenderness of manner, which rendered him beloved by the prisoners. By a long train of misfortunes he had become reduced to the

lowest state of degradation; when, for the gratification of his sinful, and intemperate habits, he committed the act which brought him into prison. Young reader, what think you was the first cause of this young man's downfall, and wretchedness—O! it was cruel disobedience to dear and affectionate PARENTS. Nor was he the only instance among the many that were under confinement; some indeed, could date their whole sufferings from the crime above mentioned. O then, beware! refrain from the accursed evil, for it leads to every species of wretchedness, and not unfrequently to a deplorable and untimely death. Hear your duty from the mouth of God upon this subject. "*Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*"

But to proceed with my narrative: He had not been here long, before we formed the most intimate friendship, and as he loved reading, he joined with me in my studies, and read every book which he could obtain. Among many we borrowed, was Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress; a book to which we were both entire strangers, as well as to the matter it contained. As my young friend read, I used to sit and listen; he had not read far before I became truly enamored with the fascinating manner of the author. In describing the Pilgrim's manner of leaving the city of destruction (his native home) and pursuing his heavenly journey through trials and troubles, with the most minute circumspec-

tion, I could not help feeling convinced that that was the only way to heaven and happiness; and I felt as if I must pass through the laver of regeneration and become spiritually united to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and by his grace become obedient, in order to gain "everlasting life;" and in reading his account of the pilgrim's losing his burden at the foot of the cross, I could not but desire a similar happiness, and wished that God would be pleased to remove the burden of my sins, as I felt the importance and necessity of such a work. After perusing this work and contemplating the happy and triumphant end of the way worn pilgrim, I became the subject of serious reflections, which produced the deepest convictions for sin. At length Divine Providence opened the way for the bringing about his merciful designs towards me. We were visited by a Mr. Archibald, a minister of the gospel, and another gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, an officer belonging to the Royal Engineer Department. These gentlemen possessed a sweetness of disposition, that I have never found except in those who have the mind of their heavenly master Jesus Christ. Their piety was deep and fervent: it shone conspicuous in their deportment, and by their conversation and manner it was evident they had been with Jesus.

Mr. A. used to take me aside, and with much affection of manner strive to impress my mind with the importance of a change of heart. He faithfully warned me of my danger, he told me

I was a sinner, at an almost infinite distance from God, and that if I would be reconciled, I must take the Lord Jesus Christ for my Saviour, and repent of all my sins. But I felt like most sinners, though under deep convictions, as if I could not attend to his instructions *then*, but thought I would after I was liberated, as at present I was surrounded by what might emphatically be called *the devils own children*, who I thought would ridicule me if I became religious. Thus did I, for a long time, drown my tender feelings, and grieve the Holy Spirit; but still I could not rest, for although I could resist and grieve the Spirit, I could not *resist conviction*; it would follow me in spite of all that I could do.

One afternoon I attended the prison chapel, when we were addressed by a perfect stranger. He was an elderly gentleman; his dress was that of an old fashioned Methodist preacher, such as I had seen worn in England; his peculiar appearance attracted my attention, and prepared me to hear with profit. His prayer was fervent and powerful, and it seemed as if he would not let go of heaven, until God had blessed him, and his suffering auditory. While praying for the prisoners, he seemed to carry my peculiar case to the throne of grace, and I felt my convictions increase so powerfully, that I should have been pleased could I have got away.

In his sermon, he showed Christ to be the great *sacrifice* for sin; he pointed out the sin-

fulness of sin, and spake of its effects in the most affecting and alarming manner. He then addressed himself to the prisoners, and showed us that all our sufferings, and loss of happiness had been occasioned by sin, and then affectionately invited us to Christ; urging the most weighty motives to repentance and faith, and pointing out their blessed effects. I could not resist the eloquence of his pleadings; my heart was melted, so that I was barely able to refrain from weeping.

At the close of the meeting, I went to the venerable preacher, and taking him aside, said to him, Sir, I am desirous to become a better man; I wish to be pious; I am sensible I have hitherto lived an enemy to God; I ask your council and your prayers, that your labor may not be lost upon me, when I could refrain no longer from giving vent to my feelings in a flood of tears, With the deepest affection he took me by the hand, and earnestly entreated me not to stifle my good impressions, but submit to them, until they should be succeeded by an evidence, that I was born of God; adding, you must pray for mercy and pardon; believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; confess your sins; forsake all your evil doings, and he will receive you. I said, I could not pray, as I did not know how. Said he, you can pray the Lord's Prayer: I answered, I could, as I was taught it by my parents when a child. He bid me use that, and advised me to make it my model, in all my addresses to the *throne of grace*. He

concluded by offering some advice about my future conduct, and wishing that I might enjoy the full fruition of God's love, left me to my reflections.

I was now in the deepest distress of mind imaginable. I saw that God's holy law was against me, and seemed to sink under an almost insupportable load of guilt. To enhance my grief, I thought I should now, like Sampson, have to make sport for the Philistines; for my companions were bitterly opposed to religion. In this state of mind I remained for some time, speaking to none about my feelings, except Mr. A., to whom I circumstantially related all that passed. He administered the best possible advice, and procured me books, suited to my condition. One of these was speedily blest to my advantage. It was called the "*Prodigal's Life*," and was the means of so increasing my conviction that I had little rest, day or night.

During the time I was in this state of mind, I generally was alone; either reading, praying, or walking the room in meditation. On one occasion, thoughtlessly joining to walk the room with those sons of *Belial*, they began to talk of what they would do after they were released, and wanted to know if I would not join them in their wicked plans: as they talked, their feelings waxed hotter and hotter, until they seemed ripe for the perpetration of their diabolical schemes that very moment. Suddenly, I paused, and had such an overwhelming view of my sinfulness, and danger, that I

was convinced I must either turn *at once* to God, or be lost forever. Still I sought for an excuse, but my oppression increased; I felt that I must yield that moment, or be damned. It seemed as if hell was open before me, ready to swallow me up, and it appeared to me as if in five minutes more I should be there, wailing with the lost.

Thus overpowered by the spirit of God, I left the company; retired to my bedside, fell on my knees, my sins appearing like mountains, rising before me, where I prayed earnestly to God, that he would have mercy upon my soul. While I was praying one of the company came into the room. It being dark, he stumbled over my feet, which led him to exert himself with his hands to prevent a fall; at the same moment, beginning to speak; but he stopped short, as soon as he found I was praying. After giving vent to my soul in prayer, I felt my load of guilt removed: the insupportable burden was gone: I was refreshed, and thought I could forever travel the heavenly journey without growing faint or weary. I arose from my knees like a new man: every thing around me appeared different. Surely it was a new creation, by the grace of God, even the transformation of my soul from darkness to light, from Satan to God. I was the possessor of new feelings; my soul was filled with the love of God; I loved my fellow prisoners though they had done me injury, and could willingly do them good. But a few minutes before, I felt as on

the verge of hell, and that the infinite Being was displeased with me: now, I could feel that Heaven smiled propitiously, and owned me for an heir of its sacred bliss. O, blessed be God, I felt redeemed from sin, and guilt, despair, and misery—death and hell. The Lord Jesus Christ was my advocate, and I was justified, and pardoned by his precious blood. I was now lost to the world, and alive only to praise and thanksgiving. I walked my room in the dark hour of night, transported with the light of God's countenance. I could say,

> "How divinely sweet are all thy ways,
> My soul shall sing thy wond'rous praise,
> The loudest notes of heavenly joy,
> Shall all my life, my powers employ."

And again, I could say with adoring gratitude for so great a deliverance,

> "Where shall my wondering soul begin?
> How shall I all to heaven aspire?
> A slave redeemed from death and sin!
> A brand, pluck'd from eternal fire!
> How shall I equal triumphs raise,
> Or sing my great deliverer's praise?"

I retired to bed that night with a confidence that whether I slept the sleep of death, or lived till the morning, I was the Lord's. I awoke full of rejoicing in the morning: heaven was my all, and earth appeared a dream. My soul was happy; truly happy; so much so, that it seemed as if the sky of my hope would never be darkened.

On the return of Mr. A. I related to him my

feelings. He asked me many questions, and gave me much comforting advice, with a promise to visit me every week. My conversion had a favorable impression upon my fellow prisoners, so that we had peace generally. They were mostly Catholics, though they gave but little evidence of being christians. They were saints, or sinners, by turns, just as matters suited. Before their priests, they would confess; and on receiving absolution, feel as safe as if there were no day of retribution, or no God to judge. May God teach the reader the religion of the Bible, and save him from such a curse as Catholicism!

In this steady frame of mind, I enjoyed myself for some time, when some of the prisoners commenced a system of persecution, that marred, for a short season, my enjoyments. I received it from those most opposed to every thing that was good, which is generally the case with those hardened in sin and iniquity. Among other ways these sons of persecution and folly took to injure me, was the following. They reported to the turnkey, that I had conspired to mutinize—that my plan was to arm myself with a cudgel, and as he came his round at nine o'clock, to knock him down, take possession of his keys, strip him of his clothes, and put them on, and then liberate all the prisoners, and free myself from confinement. The turnkey, imagining that there might be some truth in this ingenious lie, actually prepared himself for the onset, if any such thing should be

attempted. When the hour arrived, he came into the room, and inquired for me. I was in the apartment where my bed was, quietly engaged in my studies, and notwithstanding my amicable engagement, he thus addressed me: "I understand, Lighton, you are calculating to mutiny—to knock me down, take my keys and clothes, and escape with the rest of the prisoners." He now became enraged, and swore like a maniac: holding up his bunch of massive keys in my face, he declared he would beat my brains out with them, if I dared to attempt any such thing. I was so surprised at this unlooked for address, that I scarcely knew how to speak in vindication of my innocence. At length I made out to tell him, that such a thought never entered my head; that I was disposed to be quiet, and harmless, and should continue so, until the day of my release. This plan of the devil and his agents, greatly troubled my soul; but by God's grace, I was enabled to endure it. Upon mature reflection, the turnkey was convinced that the report of the prisoners was a lie, got up only to injure me; so that I was justified, and they, in turn, condemned. Thus the devil was caught in his own snare. The grace of God which I had obtained, enabled me to indure the sufferings incident to my situation, with less impatience, and consequently freed me from much uneasiness and inward trouble. By degrees I grew bolder in recommending religion to my comrades, and as I often interfered to prevent their jars and quarrels, they distin-

guished me by the name of "*peace maker.*" One of our number, whose name was John Hart, became the subject of the most powerful awakening, from the following circumstance. His comrade, whose name was Robinson, (these were the persons that so abused me, and robbed me of my food, when in irons in the dungeon) had been released from prison, and soon after, engaged to rob a house. He fell from the roof, and was so injured that he died. Hart, on hearing the news, was filled with fear and consternation: he trembled as if he had received his death warrant. Such was the horror of his soul that he thought he was dying; and requested me to send for Mr. A. I accordingly wrote him a line, but before he arrived, the poor fellow had in some measure, recovered from his anguish. He promised, however, if God would spare his life, he would live better, and no more do as he had done. He maintained this resolution a few days, and then returned to a course of sin and forgetfulness of God, and I am sorry to add, that after his dismission from prison, he engaged in robbing a French church, and finished his career upon the gallows. What an awful lesson does this teach us! Reader, are you grieving the Holy Spirit of God, by which you are enlightened, and made meet for the heavenly kingdom? O, how careful should we be to follow its sacred teachings, lest we grieve it once too much, and then lose our precious souls!

Being desirous of informing my parents of

my situation, and the happy change I had experienced, I wrote them a letter, informing them of all that had befallen me. I placed it in the hands of Mr. A. who engaged to forward it for me the first opportunity; but I never received any answer in return, which still kept me under very unpleasant feelings, from the same fears as mentioned before.

At length the gentleman who came as companion with Mr. A. was called by Divine Providence to leave Quebec. Before his departure, he came to pay us his last visit, which proved to be an interesting and profitable season. After having given us much good advice and fervently commended us to God in prayer, he took us each by the hand and affectionately bade us farewell. It was the most interesting season I ever witnessed; every eye was drowned in tears, and every heart full, and as he left us, we wished the blessing of those, who are ready to perish, might be upon him.

Not only did the Lord impart the blessing of his grace to my soul, whereby I was able to say:

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distants worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise,
But O! eternity's too short,
To utter all thy praise,

but he opened a door whereby I was relieved from some of my temporal afflictions. The

gaoler, discovering my integrity and desire of usefulness, employed me to mark the prison bedding, clothes, &c. by doing which, I occasionally obtained the liberty of the yard. It was soon after proposed to establish a *school* in the prison, for the benefit of the illiterate and entirely ignorant, and by the advice of Mr. A. I was chosen to instruct in English, and a young man of suitable talents was appointed to teach the French language. To encourage us, they promised to reward us liberally, if we succeeded in gaining their applause. We commenced our new work by prayer, in presence of Mr. A. and the committee, which was chosen to superintend its operations. Our success was such as to call forth the unqualified approbation of the committee, who were highly gratified at the progress we made. While engaged in the school, I had the sum of four dollars sent me, by my worthy friend, Mr. W. of Montreal, which proved of great service, as I had not received any thing for my labors in teaching, and was in consequence thereof, under deplorable circumstances. But thank God he was mindful and merciful toward me, in that he was pleased to relieve me in an hour, when I most needed it, my soul could say,

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

As I stood in need of provision, I sent out and purchased a whole sheep, (dressed) some peas, &c. The man just arrived with it as Mr. A. came to visit the school. Not designing he

should know it, I hastened to secrete it in a cell in the room, but his eye being too sharp for me, he caught sight of it, and supecting by the bustle something was on foot, his curiosity led him to look into the cell, where, to his surprise, he saw the whole carcass of a sheep placed up in one corner. Turning from the cell, he asked me whose it was, I told him it was mine. "Well then," said he, "you mean to *live well* I see." Indeed, this circumstance had a bad effect upon his liberality, as neither my comrade nor myself ever received any renumeration for our trouble. They thought we lived well enough without it. Upon the approach of spring, our school closed, through the neglect of the prisoners, when the committee thought it advisable to close it for the season. No one having any thing against my character, the keepers said nothing to me about returning to my close room, but still permitted me to enjoy the liberty of the yard.

Things were in this situation, when a French gentleman, named Moruia, by profession a doctor, was committed to prison, though unjustly, for six months. This gentleman soon became my friend, and as he occupied a private room, succeeded in gaining the consent of the gaoler, for me to room with him; which circumstance made me comparatively happy. I saw the finger of Providence evidently at work in my behalf, and began to indulge a hope that circumstances would soon conspire to favor my escape. While with the doctor, he cured me of a can-

cer, which for some time had filled me with alarm, and threatened me with early dissolution. He also gave me some clothing, which together with what I received from the jail made me quite comfortable in that respect.

The providence of God still worked in my favor, and caused my heart to leap with inward joy. I was again taken into employ by the gaoler. His boy, whom he employed as servant, left him, and as he wanted another to take the immediate charge of his horses, that were stabled within the walls of the prison yard, he pitched on me to supply that vacant place. I had not lived in this situation a week, before I discovered a possibility of making my escape, and having the highest confidence in the Doctor, I mentioned it to him, for his consideration, who, transported with so favorable a plan, cautioned me to keep it a profound secret, and when the propitious moment arrived, he would abscond with me, merely for the sake of making my escape complete. Meanwhile he began sending out his library to a friend in the city; but this excited no suspicion as his time was nearly expired.

Before I proceed further, I will just mention the principle existing in the bosom of the Doctor, that influenced him to this philanthropic and benevolent act. It was that he had a sincere and friendly regard for my happiness. To use his own words, he said: "When I think of your situation, the misery you have to suffer, and very probably will have to undergo

all your life, from the fact that you are a deserter from the army, the punishment for which, you have no hope, under the circumstances it was committed, of its being any other than transportation for life, which to me, is the most miserable I can possibly conceive. And again, when I take into consideration your tender youth, and the probability of your future usefulness, both to yourself and the world, could you be free, I forbid declining so noble an act, which I well know will be the final means of your deliverance from all your present and future misery—and will restore you to liberty and happiness. With these feelings I sacrifice all regard to future consequences, for your happiness, and should I be taken for my escape, I shall have the pleasure and satisfaction to know *you* are *free*, and that my *memory is cherished in your affections for the act.*"

In regard to the propriety of escaping, my feelings were somewhat delicate, but the idea of being ultimately transported, operated like a goad to urge me on to the attempt; and methinks *every candid reader will justify the act.*

As it was my business to take care of the horses, I had access to the south garret of the prison, to get their grain, which garret was close by the room where we lived. My plan was to secure the keys of this place, and by the aid of a rope descend from the window to the street, it being unsecured by iron bars. The Doctor had prepared every thing for our exit and we only waited to obtain possession

of the keys. It happened one evening, that being in want of grain for my horses, I went to the kitchen, as usual, where the keys were kept, and found no person there except a little girl about twelve years of age ; I took them from their place and passed out unobserved, went up to the garret as quick as possible, and got my grain ; the Doctor and myself observing where was a long stout rope, and in leaving the garret, left the inner door unlocked,but to prevent suspicion, fastened the outer door as usual. This done I secured the keys in my own room ; went down stairs and attended to my duty in the stable, and returned to my apartment without exciting the least suspicion, in the breasts of any. How did my heart flutter at the idea of the prospect before me ! How anxious did I feel for the success of my enterprise ! How impatient for the hour of attempt!

Every thing was tranquil through the evening ; at nine o'clock the turnkey came his usual round ; he entered our room, and looking round, wished us good night, and retired. We now fancied ourselves secure, which produced in us the highest feelings of animation. About ten o'clock we were suddenly alarmed by the turnkey, whom we heard unlocking the doors which shut across the passage, leading to our room. Terrified, and fearful we were discovered, we threw our half prepared bundles under the bed, and sat apparently deeply engaged in study, waiting the event. However, it proved to be nothing more than the arrival of a

new prisoner, who was placed in an adjoining room, by the turnkey, who just came into ours, and bidding us a second good night, left us without suspecting our design.

Not feeling disposed to sleep, we spent the night watching for the moment which was to free us from the gloom of the prison. Every thing remained perfectly silent, except the city watchmen, who occasionally pronounced their "*all is well*," as they passed from beat to beat, an expression which truly accorded with our feelings. At four o'clock, just as the dawn of day was making its appearance in the eastern sky, the watchmen left their several posts ; and we then conceived, at this propitious moment, while darkness overspread the face of nature, and kept man lulled in his slumbers, we should be able to leave the city unobserved. Having secured our bundles, we proceeded to unlock the door of the garret, which we did with but little noise ; we next secured one end of our rope to a brace, but in dropping it by the eaves (for the window stood in upon the roof) it made considerable noise, as the roof was covered with tin. We paused a moment to ascertain if we had alarmed the sentry, who was in the yard at no great distance ; happily, we had not. After dropping the rope I was so transported with the prospect before me, and fearing my bundle would occasion some difficulty, I told the Doctor I would leave it for the reason assigned ; he urged me by all means to take it, but without any further words, I seized

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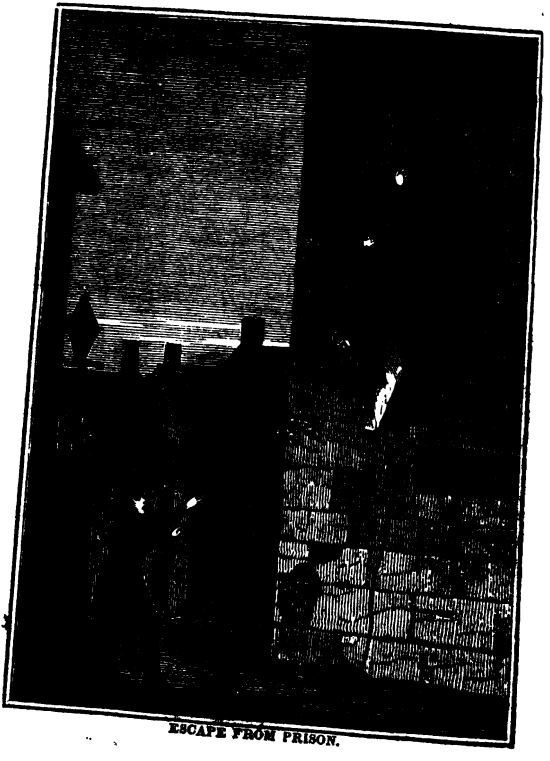

ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

the rope and was quickly in the street below where I retired a short distance to await my companion. He was somewhat longer in descending, as he was unwilling I should lose my bundle: he encumbered himself with it. Thus burdened, he had but one hand at liberty to descend with; he had however, contrived to place the rope between his feet, but unfortunately, in turning the eaves of the building, it slipped from his legs and he had to descend the distance of four story, with one hand only. The suddenness of his descent fired his hand before he got half way down, so that he came near falling, and in consequence of which, it was useless for some time afterwards. Thus were we providentially delivered from the gloomy confinement of a prison, in which I had been confined, for two years and two months, and where I had suffered in the most distressing manner. To that holy and ever merciful Providence, that supported me through the whole, be ascribed ceaseless and everlasting praises!

CHAPTER V.

An account of his life and trials, from his escape from imprisonment, to his arrival in the United States.

There is a peculiar sensation, which the mind feels when it is relieved of its weight of trouble, which none but the subject himself can

realize. It was so in my case. I felt it through my whole soul. The happiness I felt from finding myself freed from confinement, is beyond either the power of my tongue, or pen to describe. It can only be painted upon the imagination of my readers, but never really felt but by myself.

After my companion had joined me, and delivered me my bundle, which was what I did not expect, we proceeded out of the city with great speed, the Doctor taking the lead, and pursuing the course he thought best and safest. We soon passed the gate at the back of the city, unobserved by any, or without hearing the least cause for alarm. We next crossed a river, which at this date, the 25th day of April, 1825, was passible by teams While crossing the river, the Doctor, who was a devoted Catholic, fell on his knees, and thanked Providence who had protected us and favored our escape. For my own part, though I felt equally grateful, I was too afraid of discovery to stop as did my companion, but as I proceeded, praised God and jumped for joy. Indeed, I scarcely knew what to do through animation of feeling, sometimes I would hurry the Doctor to the run, but being consideraby advanced in years, he could not run far before he was obliged to moderate his speed into a walk ; then I would take to the run myself, and beckon him to speed on ; at other times I would jump, talk, laugh, and sing, as if I had been beside my reason.

The Doctor thought it best for us to go down

the St. Lawrence, among the population of French inhabitants, as there was no news in circulation that way, and because our pursuers would not suspect us of taking that route ; but would naturally suppose we had gone towards the United States. As it was yet between day-light and sunrise, we pursued our way as speedily as possible, until we came to a piece of woods, where we had a view of the city and prison. We remained some time viewing the latter place, and conjecturing what would be the feelings, and language of the keepers, when they found we had been prison keepers during the past night, and that we had opened the doors and window and fled. Indeed, the conclusion was so extatic, that it drew from us fits of loud and hearty laughter. The forest songsters now commenced their sweet reviving notes of praise, and all seemed to return thanks to the great Creator for our deliverance. O ! how delightfully grand was this hour, it truly resembled the hours I used frequently to pass in the groves, when with my dear parents at home. It begat sentiments of filial gratitude, and a desire that I might again breathe the salubrious air of my native clime.

We were intending to remain in the woods all day, and travel in the night, until we had got some distance from the city, but the cold having such an effect upon us, we were under the necessity of travelling in order to keep ourselves warm. We accordingly pursued our course across the fields, into the back country,

which travelling was beautiful and easy, as we walked on the hard snowy crust. To prevent suspicion on the part of those we might meet, the Doctor resolved to travel in the practice of his profession, and I was to act in the capacity of servant. At noon we partook of dinner in a French family, which was the first social meal I had eaten in a house since I left England. Towards night we came to a bye-place, where we both joined in humble prayer to Almighty God, giving him thanks for his goodness, and soliciting his protection in future. In this exercise, our souls were encouraged and refreshed, and our confidence in God increased. We then sought a house, and having found one, we put up for the night.

The next night we arrived at one of the Doctor's friends, where we remained over the next day and night, and though he was aware we had been prisoners, having visited the Doctor during his confinement, he had no idea we had run away, but supposed us to be regularly discharged, the reverse of which we were careful he should not learn from us.

From this place we proceeded to St. Anns, where was a Roman Catholic Church, which was held in high estimation by the French. Having heard much of this place from the prisoners, while at Quebec, I proposed to visit it, to which my companion assented. To give the reader an idea of the gross superstition of these people, I shall give a true account of the char-

acter of this noted church, and what the people themselves believe respecting it.

St. Ann, as I was informed by the prisoners, and also by my companion, is much regarded as sacred, among the French Roman Catholics, as a place possessing great healing virtues. Such is their faith in St. Ann (after which saint this church is named) that if any of her worshippers enter the church lame, mutilated, or sick, and by having faith in her efficacy, she will restore them to their original state of health, and bodily perfection.

In ascending the steps of the building, the Doctor, as is customary, knelt down crossed himself, and said a few words of prayer, while I stood gazing with a kind of superstitious awe at the sacred edifice. Upon entering, the first object that struck my attention was a number of crutches, wooden legs, staves, &c. hung up in regular rows, as evidence of the cures which had been wrought by the power of St. Ann. As I stepped in, I trembled, as I had never been within a catholic church before; looking to the right, I observed an imitation of the blessed Saviour, nearly as large as life, hanging in a relaxed posture on the cross, besmeared with blood; the image, or painting of St. Ann, and other saints. This sight produced in me feelings of the most solemn kind, and I fell upon my knees and prayed, not to the images, but to him who died upon the cross for the forgiveness of my sins. O! when will *superstition* and *heathenism* be done away? May God grant

that the light of truth may soon disperse these clouds of error!

But I cannot forbear mentioning one more superstitious act of worship, out of the vast many, that are found among those people; and that is their *cross omage*. It will be understood that among them they have at every short distance, a cross erected by the side of the road, and on passing them, the devotee of the Roman Catholic religion pulls off his hat, crosses himself, and repeats over a short prayer, some even kneeling down at the foot of them. On these relics of catholic superstition are frequently seen the various articles, used at the crucifixion of the blessed Saviour, placed along in order, on the transfixed beam, or cross piece, together with the *cock* that *crowed* at Peter's denying his Lord and Master. Reader, how different is this from the mild and simple gospel of Jesus! O, look at Popery; see it in its effects. It darkens the page of revelation; spreads ignorance and confusion throughout society; and with its unparalleled tyranny, and bloody inqusitions, robs man of his dearest liberty and rights! May we feel thankful for the gospel, which teaches us the sound principle of a religion, unadorned with Popery!

The Doctor's profession afforded him ample means of support, as he seldom visited a house without doing something for the family, and receiving money in return. After traveling with him, in this manner for a week, I resolved to

leave him, and obtain some employment. He at first dissuaded me, but finding me resolved and decided on this point, he directed his attention to procuring me a situation. I determined however, first to change my name, the better to avoid detection. The name I chose to assume was Thomas Ellencourt.

The next day coming to a large farm, in the parish of St. Joachin, about thirty miles below Quebec, my companion inquired if they wanted to hire ; and after some conversation, and abundance of recommendation, from the Doctor, I agreed to work for the gentleman for fifteen shillings per month. My wages were comparatively small, but it will be observed, that it was rather out of the season to hire at that time, and beside, he engaged me more out of charity than from any thing else. It will be observed also that the best of hired hands, among this people, could get no more than four dollars per month. The bargain being made, I accompanied the Doctor a short distance, when after promising to see me again in about two months, if nothing happened to prevent, bade me an affectionate farewell.

My master set me to chopping wood,at which I made a very awkward appearance, and but little progress, as it was the first time I ever engaged in such business. My delicate appearance induced them to set me about lighter work, such as assisting in the dairy, milking, &c. After living with them about three weeks I grew uneasy, as I had no one to converse

with in my own tongue, except an old Englishman, who had in early life been a soldier, but who, from thirty years residence with the French, had almost entirely lost the use of his own language.

The family were rigid catholics, and required of all their domestics, the strictest conformity to the outward rules of their religion. My feelings were somewhat mortified the first time I entered their church, being a perfect stranger to all their paternosters and ceremonies, I entered their church, as I had been wont to do my own, without any regard to their rules and customs. This conduct produced an universal *tittering* among those who observed my manner; seeing myself the subject of their laughter, I looked around to divine the cause, when I saw that each individual, as he entered, dipped his finger into a basin of water, and crossed himself with it, fell on his knees, and repeated a prayer in a mumbling manner; from this time, though somewhat galling to my feelings, I followed their example, and ever after passed among them for a catholic.

I might relate much of the peculiar character of this people, but it would be stepping beyond the design of this work. Suffice it to say, they were extremely ignorant, knowing but little about themselves, or God. They went to their worship like saints, and acted like devils upon their return. I have even known them to hold a vendue at the church doors after service, on the holy Sabbath, and the priest him-

self would be a bidder. Sporting, fiddling, dancing, &c. were their chief amusements, after the solemnities of the Holy day. I could find no common schools among them, and nothing that indicated either enterprise, or intelligence, not one out of twenty could either read or write. But, says the uninformed reader, how came they in this situation? Why I will tell you, it is just here. It is the genius of popery to keep all its subjects as ignorant as they can. And why? Because, like its sister *despotism*, it can only exist where this evil predominates; therefore, they are determined to keep their subjects ignorant.

Now should *intelligence* spread among them, they would soon cease to be, it would indeed, be the greatest *curse* they could experience. This is too plain and evident, from the fact, that they will not allow their subjects the proper use of the Bible, but all must believe what their priests say, whom they believe, together with the *pope* to be *infallible*. How easy then to lead such a people astray! A few words more and I will delay the reader no longer, and that is, IGNORANCE is incompatible with the SPIRIT of LIBERTY. It is rank poison in the bowels of any nation professing republicanism. As a free republic we are *bound* to *disseminate* INTELLIGENCE by every means within our power, or we shall experience a deadly stab upon the liberties of this nation. The present crisis calls upon our attention, and bids us to be awake to our interest. The mighty flood of

catholic emigration is threatening us with alarm, and the design of EUROPE is not less to be dreaded. Their pretended philanthropy, in sending over their priests and money, "to instruct," as they say, "the ignorant Americans," are omens of a great and malignant evil. Their intentions are not to benefit us; no, they would rather destroy us; "and it is one of the appendages of the moral engine, destined to revolutionize the nation, and subjugate it to the control of the triple crown. As confirmatory evidence to this, we will quote their own words, which they probably never intended should be brought to America; but as we have them we will use them. They are taken from the Annals of the Association for propagating the Roman Faith, a French periodical. Speaking of Popish schools, &c. in the United States:— "These establishments do wonderful good. Catholics and Protestants are admitted indiscriminately. The *latter*, after having finished their education, return to the bosom of their families, full of esteem and veneration for their instructresses, (i. e. the nuns) and often, when they have no longer the opposition of their relatives to fear, they embrace the *Catholic Faith.*" *This discloses the whole matter. They have come to happy America, to make Catholics of her sons and daughters; to subject the nation to the dominion of the tyrants of Europe; to bring down REPUBLICAN banners; to take away all human rights, and to sweep the last vestage of civil liberty from the American Continent!*"

May every American who is a devoted friend to his country, awake; and rise up in defence of his unalienable rights; and may God preserve the liberty and happiness of our nation, and save us from all foreign invasion, and from the evils with which *we*, as a people, are so alarmingly threatened! But I forbear, and humbly beg pardon of the reader for digressing so far from the main subject. As an apology for so doing, I would say; my own experience of the evil upon which I have treated, and my ardent desire for the general peace and happiness of the nation, are the feelings that have led me to this deviation. But to return to my narrative.

The unsanctified conduct of this people, together with my own indecision, brought me into a backsliding state, for, from first witnessing their unhallowed courses, I began to join them, until I became very rude, and wicked, and lost entirely my confidence and communion with the Lord. I soon became alarmed for my personal safety, as I understood the farm on which I worked belonged to the Seminary of priests at Quebec; some of whom came to visit the family, and as some of the priests and students of the Seminary had visited the prison during my confinement, I was fearful of being recognized; however, those who came were strangers to me. I was also very fearful of being discovered by my dress, as I still wore some of my prison clothes, which I was obliged to do from imperious necessity, not having any oth-

ers I could substitute. I wore a pair of gray woolen pantaloons, which were marked in many places, with the word "GAOL." in large letters, with white paint. However, previous to this, I had scraped off every letter with a knife, so that it would require considerable scrutiny to detect the mark; and as soon as I could obtain command of some of my wages, I procured a pair of cheap tow-and-linen pantaloons, when, anxious to appear no longer in my prison garb, I retired into the woods, to put them on; taking particular care, at the same time, to secrete the *last article of a prison badge*, which I did by burying them deep under the roots of a huge tree.

Another circumstance tended also to perplex and distress my mind: my employer had a son who lived at Quebec, who made frequent visits to the family. As he could speak the English language very fluantly, I was obliged to go into the room and talk with him for their gratification. A few days after his departure from his first visit, he suddenly returned; the knowledge of which filled me with the most gloomy apprehensions for my safety. The gentleman came to me, and told me his son had brought some newspapers, and I must go in and read them. Indeed my fears were now wrought up to the highest pitch, and suspecting there was iniquity in the case, I was at a stand whether to obey him or run away; but fearful of exciting suspicion, I obeyed his request, resolving if betrayed, to do the best I could for

my escape. Accordingly, I went into the house and read some to them, and was careful to examine the papers thoroughly in order to see if there was any advertisements for me; but to my satisfaction I discovered none.

A few days after this, I attended church on the Sabbath and to my astonishment saw a gentleman in the crowd, who had been in prison for debt, and who of course was well acquainted with me. Without betraying my feelings, I hastened to escape from the place, and returned to my abode, devising means for my future escape from recognition. * The next Sabbath I was not intending to go to church, for fear of discovery; but the family was so dissatisfied that they called me hard names,—said I was no better than a *dog*, I was a *heathen*, &c. upon

* I should have been glad to have left this place for the United States; but the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed, prevented me from doing it. I was almost entirely ignorant of the country, not knowing which way to pursue for safety, and to gain the United States. I was also fearful of exciting suspicion, should I make inquiry of the French, (for I had none others with whom I could talk.) Another difficulty, was, I could not cross the St. Lawrence, without exposing my life as the river was some of the time full of floating ice. And to go by the city of Quebec, would probably have been attended with fatal consequences; as I might have been taken. I therefore thought it best to remain where I was, (if I could do it with any degree of safety,) until my friend Doctor Morita should visit me; when I intended to leave forthwith. As dangerous as my situation was, it probably was not so bad as it would have been had I proceeded in my own way to make my escape. Indeed I firmly believe I was preserved by the overruling hand of Providence. The event that gave birth to my deliverance, deserves to be attributed to the merciful Providence of God; to whom I would ascribe ceaseless praises.

which rather than to be treated with disdain, and contempt by them, I went to church; but who should I see among the crowd, but the *baker* who used to supply the prison with bread. Knowing that he also was well acquainted with me, I resolved to get away from the crowd immediately, and make my escape. I noticed that upon my first view of him, he was looking towards me, if not at me; but whether he noticed me or not I cannot say; however, I have no doubt, had I remained, I should have been detected upon the spot, and reconducted back to Quebec, where my fate would have been fixed forever. I now resolved I would run away that night, and should have done so, had I not been prevented by the following circumstance. As I was sitting in the house in the evening, meditating on my proposed undertaking, two hired men of the family came in, and began talking in a low tone; and from what I could gather, they had heard of the absconding of two men from prison, whom they suspected to be the Doctor and myself. Upon this, I was much concerned, and feeling anxious to ascertain the true import of their conversation, (for I could understand the French language) approached them, when they ceased talking. I left them, and lay down on my bed, not intending to undress. Shortly after, they inquired of me if I had gone to bed; upon learning that I had not, they told me I had better do it. From this I thought that they were set as a watch over me, and that to try to get away

would be useless; so that I submitted myself to my fate and went to bed, where I spent a restless and miserable night. But as I heard no more of their talk, my fears must have been groundless, and I of course became more calm and easy in my mind. To increase my alarm, the gentleman who was my employer, asked me one day if I was not a soldier; to which I made very strange and replied disdainfully, no! From these circumstances I was powerfully convinced it would not do for me to stay much longer in that place. Therefore, I resolved to leave as soon as convenient. However, I delayed a few days longer, until on Wednesday, as I was busily engaged in the woods chopping, one of the hired men came upon the full run towards me, saying in French, "*Thomas, you must come home, there is a gentleman wants to see you.*" I answered, with great excitement of feeling *who is it wants to see me?* He replied again, "*a gentleman; who it is I can't tell.*" I was so alarmed at this information that I turned pale, and could hardly bear my own weight. The man seeing I was agitated, said, "*it is the Doctor;*" but not understanding him, I thought he said the *turnkey.* This misunderstanding tended to increase my fears, till he repeated, more intelligibly and with deeper emphasis "*it is the Doctor who came here with you.*" Upon this my countenance lighted up, my heart leaped with inward joy, and gratitude, and my fears banished, and with pleasure I went to meet my old friend at the place he had assigned, for he would not come on shore to the house, but

spoke from the boat for fear, if I had been detected, it would lead to his apprehension.

No one can know the happiness I felt on this occasion. It was like that which I felt on my escape from prison; I viewed the arrival of my friend as an interferance of Divine Providence, that would eventuate in my final deliverance.

We both felt gratified at seeing each other, after six weeks absence, and having made the usual inquiries about our health, &c. proceeded to state to each other, what we had experienced. The Doctor said he had followed down the St. Lawrence, about one hundred miles, and while practicing at one place, he was recognized as a run-away from prison, by an individual who gave him suspicion of his intention to apprehend him by his close inquiries. To pacify him, the Doctor said he promised to visit him in the morning; but instead of which, he hired a man to bring him up the river in a boat that night. He said that during his absence, he had been to Quebec to purchase a fresh stock of medicine, and that while engaged in trading, the jailor's wife came into the store, but as it was in the evening, by hiding his face and going out immediately, he escaped observation. In calling at one of his old friends, he learnt that there was a mighty uproar in the city on the day we escaped, and that a large portion of the citizens went out to look at the window where we got out.

The next morning, in company with the Doc-

THE FAREWELL DEPARTURE.

tor, I left the employ of my master, and sailed to the Island of Orleans, where he was immediately called for to attend a sick lady, and where he intended to stay for some time. It was his wish also, that I should stay with him. To do this I positively refused, as I was determined to get to the United States as speedily as possible. Finding he could not prevail upon me to stay, the next morning he engaged two men to carry me across the St. Lawrence, to St. Thomas, a distance of about eight miles.

The hour arrived for our departure, and the faithful Doctor, with his eyes filled with tears, pressed my lips with the kiss of true friendship; wished me peace and abundant prosperity through my life; which blessing I returned in the most heartfelt manner, and thanked him for his ever memorable kindness. The scene now became the most solemn and interesting. We were now about to part forever, in this world; our eyes gave vent to floods of tears, as we held and prest each other by the hand, as if unwilling to let go our hold, and bid farewell. At last he commended me to the mercy and Providence of God, when we took our farewell leave of each other with affected hearts and weeping eyes. Never shall I forget that hour that gave additional proof of his sincerity and friendship. His was a friendship that was genuine, and indeed has rarely its parallel.

"Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul,
Sweet'ner of life, and sold'rer of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me

> Far, far beyond what I can ever pay:
> Oft have I proved the labor of thy love,
> And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
> Anxious to please."

Before, however, I take leave of my friend, I cannot refrain from observing, that I regard him, as the instrument of Providence, in my deliverance from destitution and suffering. The singular circumstance that first united us; the surprising success we met with on the night of our escape; together with his interposition in my last situation, all conspire to show that he was the instrument of God's mercy in my behalf. The kindness he manifested towards me, through the whole of our acquaintance, will ever make his name dear to my memory, and induce me so long as I live, to honor him with the sincerest gratitude.

About noon I landed at St. Thomas, and from thence traveled up the river towards Quebec, though on the opposite side. Fearful of discovery, I pursued my way very slowly, from necessity, as I was within eighteen miles of Quebec, and as I was intending to pass it in the night, I made a stop for some time in the woods by the road. When the evening approached, I called at a house within nine miles of Quebec, and procured refreshment; after which, I prosecuted my journey. It now became dark, and every thing was hushed to rest; not a noise was heard; every thing was calm and tranquil, which gave new delight to my feelings. At this still hour of night as I

was pacing my way in solitary silence, I suddenly approached a young female form, who was devoutly engaged on her knees in prayer to the Father of mercies, at the foot of a cross by the side of the road;* which sight served to enkindle a glow of ardent gratitude and praise, and prayer to God that his blessing might attend my wandering steps through the night; and bless me with a happy and safe deliverance

With a glad heart and light feet, I traveled until I came to a piece of woods, on a low swampy piece of land; when I was greatly alarmed by an unaccountable sparkling, such as I had never seen before. It increased so rapidly, that I verily thought I was surrounded by fire; which I thought must be the effect of witchcraft, and I really supposed it was the work of the devil. As the sparks flitted close round me, I mustered up courage sufficient to try to catch one of them in my hand. After a few trials, I caught something, which on examination I found to be a bug, but instantly threw it away, fearing it was poisonous. I afterward learnt that what so alarmed me was nothing but the fire-fly or lightning-bug.

I arrived opposite to Quebec, about ten o'clock, where every thing appeared silent, and calm, except the waters of the river, which were smacking briskly against the sides of the vessels, as they lay at anchor; so that I

* See page 180.

passed unmolested by the place of my fears. I continued my journey all night, though I found it very unpleasant traveling, from the many furious and savage dogs, by which I was continually beset, that kept me sometimes in fear of my life. In the morning I found myself at a considerable distance from Quebec, and notwithstanding my fatigue, I traveled hard all day, without the least discouragement from fear of apprehension.

After two days travel, I was informed by a gentleman, who spoke English, that I could gain the United States, and save myself much travel, by taking a new road, lately opened, and leading across the St. Nicholas. I accordingly followed his direction, and about noon that day, called at a little log house for refreshment, which I found to be occupied by an Englishman, from Wakefield, near Leeds in Yorkshire. As I had been there a number of times, we entered into a very animated conversation, about our homes, &c. In the midst of our interview, we were interrupted by a man who came in, and seeing me, asked me some questions, and then charged me with being a run-away from a ship. I told him I was not a sailor. He then swore like an infidel, thinking to make me own that I was, that he might gain a trifle by my apprehension. But I persisted in denying it, and at length he left me to pursue my journey. At night after passing through a piece of woods, thirteen miles in length, I came to a log cabin, where I

put up for the night. After partaking of a little coarse food, I lay down upon the hard floor to seek sleep; but such was the unmerciful interruption I experienced from the mosquitoes, black flies, &c. that instead of sleeping, I spent the night in defending myself from their attacks. * The next morning, being put across the river by my host, I proceeded on my journey.

My road now became more difficult than ever. From its appearance, it had once been cut out, but was now overgrown with underbrush; and in some places, covered with windfalls. After traveling half a day, the road terminated, so that I became lost. Still I pursued my way, and at last, discovered a track, which was that of an ox, or cow, as far as I could judge. This, at length, brought me to a path where some labor had lately been done, which I followed eagerly, until I came to a clearing, where I hastened to a house, and found I had got to the St. Francis River. Thus ended a journey of twenty-six miles through the woods.

My means of traveling had now become exhausted; having, when I started, only seven shillings and sixpence in my pocket, and apprehending no danger, as I was so far from Quebec, I thought it best to get into employ as soon as I could. As it happened, I let myself the same night, to a man by the name of Abecrombie, in K———, twelve miles below Shipton.

* This unmerciful affliction grately confirmed Mr. W——s, statement to my Father on his return from America. See page 21st.

While living at this place, I very narrowly escaped drowning in the St. Francis, through my venturous disposition. This accident made me serious for a while, and led me to pray a few times, but it had no lasting effect. The following anecdote I insert, as it may be amusing to my readers, and may serve to illustrate my feelings: I was going on an errand for my master, when my road lay through a piece of woods, the shade of which was truly pleasant. While walking along, musing on the beauties of creation, its pleasures, &c. I espied something in the bushes, that appeared very curious, and thinking it to be a knot on one of the sticks, and anxious to obtain it for a walking stick, as I thought it would make a very beautiful one, I placed my hand upon it to see how it would fit the ball of my hand, and to ascertain if it were solid, at the same time giving it a *pretty severe squeeze*, I was stung so violently in the forehead, by a *host of angry hornets*, who, in revenge for my breaking their nest, drove me speedily from the ground. This case, though simple in itself, led me to reflect upon facts in the experience of man; it taught me that by being allured at the fascinating appearance of the world, we grasp it as a prize, and ere we are aware, we are stung to the quick by the viper pleasure. I thought the *world* might be aptly compared to a *hornet's nest*, and my eagerness to grasp it, would, if not prevented by grace, produce an eternal sting in my soul. Reader, beware of grasping after the world!

Beware of painted pleasure! Hear the inspired John: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." Hear also the poet:

> "O, vain deluding world! whose largest gifts,
> Thine emptiness betray, like painted clouds.
> Or wat'ry bubbles: as the vapor flies,
> Dispersed by lightest blast, so fleet thy joys,
> And leave no trace behind."

I remained in this situation until about the twentieth of October, when I departed, intending to cross into the United States. But, as I stood in need of some articles of clothing, at the end of a day's travel, I let myself again. I lived in that place about six weeks, when I again set out for the States, resolving not to stop short of reaching them, which I did by the way of Stanstead, in about two days.

Having crossed the line which separates the British dominions from this free Republic, I felt so rejoiced at the idea that my lot was now cast among the happy sons of Columbia, that I could fain have kissed the soil on which I stood.

I now felt happy and secure under the fostering protection of the EAGLE'S WING, a change indeed, which none can know, but those who have suffered under the savage *Paw* of the LION! The flame that was lit up in my juvenile bosom, to range the peaceful shores of Columbia, and spend my earthly existence in this *emporium of the world*, was not extinguished by the flood of trials and sufferings through which I had to pass, but brightened up to the

moment that gave birth to my *republican liberty!* Unto God that guided me by his omnipotent hand, be *endless praises !*

CHAPTER VI.

An account of the succeeding years of his life,—the dispensations of Providence and grace,—continued down to the present time.

If the reader, as he has perused the foregoing chapters, has felt to sympathize with me in my afflictions, he will now rejoice with me in the conclusion, at the fortunate change of my circumstances.

I now resumed my original name, and resolved, as I trod the margin of the American shores, to begin my life anew, upon the strictest principles of integrity and virtue. As the foundation of this, I determined on learning a trade, as I thought my age and circumstances was favorable to the design, being then in the *twenty-first year of my age.* For this purpose, I intended to travel eastward for one of the Atlantic cities, where I was in hopes of meeting with success. Upon arriving at Waterford, in the State of Vermont, I was informed at a place where I stopped over the night, that one of my countrymen named Furby, a Cabinet maker, lived about two miles from that place. Accordingly the next morning, I called and took breakfast with him. Mr. F. had some inclination to engage me to learn his trade, but igno-

rant of my character, he declined. He told me there was another Englishman in the village, named Bellamy, a Methodist preacher, and a tailor by trade. He advised me to call on him, which I did, and soon formed an attachment for him, such as countrymen feel towards each other when they meet on a foreign soil. I related to Mr. B. my desire to learn a trade, and after some inquiry, he told me if I should like to be a saddler, he thought it probable I might engage, as a Mr. Cobb, a saddler in the village, wanted an apprentice. Having no objections against the trade, I waited on Mr. C. the next day, who agreed to take me a month on trial, and after the expiration of that term, if we both should like, he would take me as an apprentice. As we were both satisfied at the end of that term, we formed an agreement by which I was to stay with him three years, and in return he was to learn me the trade.

After living here a few months, my mind was aroused to a consideration of the danger I was in, from having wandered from the good and right way. I had no rest, day or night, for the spirit of God continued its calls after me so loudly, that I plainly saw I must seek again the peace of my soul. I strove to evade the force of these convictions by promising to be pious at some futue time; but alarmed lest that time would never come, I thought at length that I would return to my Heavenly Father; yet I took no decided stand, until in the month of September following, when I attended a

Camp-meeting, at Concord Vermont, about four miles from Waterford. In going to this place, I made up my mind to seek the salvation of my soul: I saw it was religion I wanted, and religion I was determined to obtain, through God's mercy before I left the ground.

The second day of the meeting, I attended, in company with Thomas Bellamy, a son of Mr. B. who also had backslidden from God, and who manifested so little regard for religion, that I soon left his company. (He has since become a pious and devoted minister of Christ.) While I heard the word preached, my trouble of mind increased, and I felt as if forsaken, both by God and man. I retired into the woods to pray, but was followed with an overpowering temptation, that my sins were too great to be forgiven, and that if I dared to pray, the vengeance of the Almighty would crush me in a moment. But notwithstanding these temptations, my mind was encouraged by a remembrance of the precious promises contained in the bible: "*Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:*" and I resolved to pray, if I perished in the act. I fell on my knees, by the side of a log, and prayed, but without much relief or consolation.

In the evening I entered the Lancaster ten', where was a number of preachers, who after holding a class meeting, gave an invitation to all who felt anxious for their soul's salvation to manifest the same by rising and coming forward

for prayers, None rose at first, though the tent was crowded with those who were still in their sins. At length I arose, and told the people that I was determined to get religion, if it was to be found. Upon this many more came forward, and we all joined in humble prayer to God, the Father of Spirits. Many found peace in their souls, and went away rejoicing. But, although I could not feel the clear evidence of my acceptance, I felt comforted, and left the spot convinced of the value and need of experimental religion, and was determined to possess it. On my way home, I considered well the determination I had formed, and resolved forthwith to put it into practice. I now began to live in the practice of christian duties, and to acquaint myself with the word of God. Not having much leisure to devote to study, I used to spend some time every night after nine o'clock, in reading the bible upon my knees, which proved to be a very instructive and profitable employment.

To assist me in improving my mind, and afford me time for study, my friend Mr. B., kindly permitted me to lodge in his house, and have access to his library, where I used to study until midnight. As I increased in experience, my unbelief gave way, and at length I obtained a clear and undoubted evidence that God for Christ's sake, had blotted out my sins, and adopted me into his family. O! bless the Lord for pardoning mercy. Being desirous of becoming a member of the visible church of Christ, and

conceiving the Methodist doctrines, and usages to be in strict accordance with the principles of the gospel, I offered myself, and was received into the class at Waterford, on probation, by the Rev. Chauncey Richardson.

As I continued to study the way of salvation, and to meditate on the state of a perishing world, I felt a burning desire to warn poor sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." To do this, I punctually attended every means of grace, and to the best of my ability, prayed and exhorted, as opportunity offered; in doing which, my soul was blest and encouraged.

I was providentially called at one time to visit an aged gentleman and lady, who were both very near the borders of the grave; my labors with them were greatly blest, both to my soul and theirs. They were both awakened and led back to him from whom they had strayed. From these, and other circumstances, I was impressed with a conviction, that it was my duty to improve in public, but on considering my weakness and ignorance, I shrunk from the task; nevertheless, my sincere desire was to know what was God's will concerning me, and that I was determined to do whatever it might be.

In the month of February following, Mr. C. and myself parted by mutual agreement, and I left Waterford in search of new employment. By the Providence of God I was directed to Bradford, Vt. where I found employ for a while in the shop of Mr. Corliss. Presenting my certificate, I was received by the class in this

place, the first Sabbath after my arrival. Here I enjoyed many blessed privileges among my Christian brethren, especially in the family who employed me, the heads of which were sincere and devoted disciples of Jesus Christ. Among other advantages, I had admission to the town library, as my master was librarian, and the books kept at his house.

During my stay in this place, I was powerfully impressed again with the idea it was my duty to improve in public, and the more I resisted conviction, the more powerful it became. I accordingly made it a matter of fervent prayer to God; having done this, I disclosed my feelings to those with whom I became most acquainted, who said they thought it was my duty to go forward. Still I felt unwilling to do so, my talents were so small, though I knew that many able ministers of the gospel, whose talents now do honor to the church and themselves, begun young and small as myself, but by a course of untiring study, and by the aid of grace divine, had risen to their present celebrity and worth. Encouraged by these considerations, I divulged my feelings and views to the Rev. P. C. Richmond, who was preacher in charge, who also advised me to go forward and improve in exhortation, prayer, &c. He then furnished me with his written permission to exercise as an exhorter, &c.

I had now no excuse for refraining from duty, and accordingly appointed a meeting in the village on a week day evening. When the

day arrived on which I was to attend my appointment, the clergyman of the congregational church called at the shop where I was at work, and after transacting his business with my employer, turned to me and questioned me in a sarcastic manner about my preaching. He told me I had better attend some theological institution before I attempted to preach; and said many other things to discourage me and prevent my going forward in duty. I was somewhat staggered at first, but after some little reflection, determined to go forward, believing the grace of God in a warm heart to be a greater assistance than all the learning of books and colleges, which however, I believe to be of great advantage, and important to a gospel minister.

In the evening, with much trepidation, I entered the desk and spoke to a large and attentive congregation, from Mark x 17. "Good Master, what shall I do, that I may inherit eternal life?" The Lord was present and blessed me abundantly, and from that time to the present, I have continued to labor in the vineyard of my blessed Redeemer as faithfully as I could.

In the month of may, 1827, I left my situation at Bradford, and on the 28th of the same month entered the employ of Mr. Stevens, on Sugar Hill, in the town of Lisbon, N. H. In this place I was in a measure deprived of the fellowship of my brethren, the Methodist, as there was no class within five miles. Howev-

er, I devoted myself to the duties which devolved upon me with the utmost punctuality, and having been admitted to full membership by the church at Lisbon, and had my commission, as an exhorter renewed, I went forward proclaiming the Lamb of God to all who came in my way. To increase my qualifications I applied myself to a systematic course of living, attending my employ during my working hours with as much strictness as if I had been watched over by a task-master, and devoting every leisure moment I possessed to the improvement of my mind by study. To assist me I procured a copy of Dr. A. Clarke's invaluable commentary, together with some other theological works from which I derived much valuable instruction.

I was also very reserved in my manner, so much so that doubtless I have given some occasion to think that I was scornful, but I can truly say, I was actuated by no other motive than a desire to prevent myself being led away by the example and conversation of the ungodly, by whom I was surrounded. This was doubly necessary from the fact that Mr. S. sold spirituous liquors, which drew into his shop many a wicked and profane man, who, when the fumes of their drams had filled their brains, would talk over their *grog-shop divinity* until I became disgusted with their conversation and manners. How often have I heard the *debased* drunkard, though *poor* and almost *penniless*, talk in his drunken hours as though he were a

wealthy citizen, a *profound statesman* or a *devoted christian!* What a miserable picture of *depravity* does a *drunkard* present! O, DRUNKARD! if this should meet your eye, pause and reflect; consider that by drunkenness you *lower* yourself *beneath* the poor brute, whose labor furnishes you with the means of indulging your appetite. Think that you are *murdering* your poor soul, and *ruining* your family, if you have not done it already. Let conscience speak, and as she speaks, give ear, and turn your feet into the right way, and thou shalt save thy blood-bought soul from hell. O! may the happy day soon arrive when this "*liquid fire*," this "*distilled damnation*," (for it deserves no better name) shall be *banished* into the *oblivious deep*, from whence may it never more return to intoxicate the brains of men!

As I was thus beset by profane characters, I could not refrain from administering a word of reproof sometimes, for which I often received additional vollies of oaths and imprecations, though ultimately it prevented some from swearing in my presence.*

Added to this, I was persecuted by some because I studied, which in their view, was inconsistent with the character of a minister of

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* "It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appeal'd to on each trifling theme.
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
To *swear* is neither *brave, polite*, nor *wise*.
You would not swear upon a bed of death:
Reflect! your Maker *now* could stop your breath."

the gospel, who, they thought ought to preach *entirely* by inspiration. It was reported that I had a large amount of prayer and sermon books, from which I committed to memory all my public improvements. This weak and foolish report soon met with the fate it deserved.

But though I was deprived of fellowship (except occasionally) with the members of my own church, I enjoyed many privileges among my Free-Will-Baptist brethren, who appeared to treat me with every mark of brotherly love, and whose affection I shall ever remember. But this love and affection at length became cold, as evidently appeared in a great many from their apparent disfellowship toward me, from what cause I knew not, unless it was they believed the false reports my enemies had circulated respecting my having *prayer* and *sermon books*, from which I learned all my public improvements. Any other cause I never was sensible of, as on the strictest investigation of my actions, I could discover nothing I had said or done which could be a just cause of offence.

These circumstances became a very serious trial to me; they disquieted my mind; robbed me in a great measure of my happy enjoyments, and sometimes almost led me to believe there was no religion; and while under them led me to desire to change my situation, and enter the married state, for I felt *alone* and *solitary*. Amid the thousands who surrounded me, I had no one into whose breast I could pour my woes and from whose sympathy I could derive en-

courageement, or with whom I could claim kindred. With the poet I could say:

"There are no friends nor fathers here,
Nor spouses kind to smile on me;
A brother's voice I cannot hear,
A mother's form I never see;
A sister's love I may not share,
While here in exile still I roam;
O could I breathe my native air,
Beneath that dear ancestral dome,
I'd rest content,
'Till life was spent,
Nor seek abroad a better home."

I also wrote again to my parents, stating to them my feelings and prospects, and expostulating with them for their neglect, as I supposed they had received my former letters, and from being offended with me, refused to answer my epistles. This however, appeared ultimately not to be the case, as the reader will hereafter learn.

During the passage of my letter I continued to improve my gift and to get acquainted more extensively with the families around me. Among these families was that of Mr. N. Judd, who, though they were ranked among the mediocrity of the honest and industrious, were rich in faith and in the knowledge of divine things. My first acquaintance with this family was in the month of August, 1827, and in the month of April following, I was united in the bands of matrimony, with Susannah, their daughter.

A few weeks previous to my marriage I was informed by a gentleman that there was a letter for me in the Post Office, and he concluded

from the superscription, as it was directed to North America, that it was from England. I hastened to obtain it when it proved to be from my father, and as it may tend to give the reader an idea of his feelings I will insert it.

Frampton, Dec. 1st, 1827.

My Dear Son : I received your letter, dated October 6th, 1827, and am very much surprised that you have not received any letter from me, which is the cause of your most unhappy complaint. I have received many letters from you, to which I have immediately sent answers. Your information that you have not received any since you left the Isle of Wight gives me but poor satisfaction. The cause of these failures, is no doubt, owing to the great distance which separates us from each other, and my letters have probably been lost on the way.

Dear Son, your request has been gratified, in that I have attentively perused your letter, and in the first place, I commend you to God, and pray earnestly that he may be your guide, protector, and redeemer ; that you may honor and fear him all your life ; be a useful and dignified member of society ; and eventually, that we may all meet in Heaven, where nothing shall separate us from that union and felicity which has been purchased for us by our blessed Redeemer.

Let me also affectionately advise you, as you have escaped your unpleasant condition and situation for one of a more social and endear-

ing character, to preserve it with deep felt gratitude. Use every effort to make it agreeable to you, and be content in those fortunate circumstances in which Providence and the mercy of God have placed you.

You will accept the ardent love and best wishes of your parents, and also the same sentiment of respect from all the family. We should be glad to see you *return* to *your native land*, which may God grant. This leaves us all enjoying good health, except your mother, whose weak constitution obliges me to say, at times her health is very precarious. Your cousin James L——, of S., died about twelve months ago. Your brother J——is no better of his lameness. May this find you in the enjoyment of health, and O may God be with my transmarine son!—and bless and save you in his heavenly kingdom, which is the prayer of,

DEAR SON. Your respected Father,

WM. LIGHTON.

The perusal of this letter had no small influence on my feelings, and I regarded the conveyance of my letter as an act of God's goodness towards me. It was the first time I had heard of my dear parents for seven years. The idea that they no longer cared for my welfare was removed, and with it a load of sorrow. Since that period, I have, through the blessing of Providence, received two or three communications every year from them, and nothing subsists between us but feelings of the most perfect friendship and affection.

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THE CONTRAST OR SOCIAL HAPPINESS.

My term of hire having expired, I went to live with my wife's father, according to a previous agreement; and as he was advanced in life, and infirm in body, I took the farm, and agreed to support them through life; in addition to which, I received ninety-six dollars a year from my father-in-law, granted to him by government, for a reward of his services during the revolution.

In this situation, we lived in the most harmonious and happy manner; a perfect contrast to the misery of my former days. Then, I was the subject of the most inexpressible hardships, doomed to bear the frowns of tyrants and the insults of cruel masters. Now, thanks to a merciful Providence, I was free from my enemies, had a happy home, and enjoyed the best of all earthly comforts, a pious and godly companion, who was as dear to me as my own soul. Added to this, I was amid friends, whose generous kindness will ever endear them to my memory; among neighbors who had a high regard for the things of God, and whose hearts were touched with a Saviour's love. These were blessings once foreign to my expectations, but now enjoyed in fond reality. O, what shall I render to God for all his goodness towards me.

"I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

A few months after I wrote my answer to my father's first letter, I received the following from him, which I beg leave to insert, as it breathes so much of the spirit of affection and love.*

Framplon Eng. Oct, 15, 1828.

DEAR SON: Your kind letter was received with great pleasure, and O! what inexpressible joy I have had in perusing it, to find that your receive my letters at last, after the numbers I have sent these seven years. It affords me much happiness to find you are enjoying good health, and also that you are married; but above all it fills my soul with the greatest possible satisfaction to hear that you love your God and Saviour, and feel a deep interest for his glory, O, may the Lord bless and preserve you unto his holy kingdom. As I am somewhat confident you will receive this letter, I shall briefly state some things you no doubt will be glad to hear. I still live on the farm I did when you left me—have purchased the house and land ajoining. I also carry on the business of Coal-merchant. I have one yard at Wyberton, and one at Boston; but I find it rather dificult to carry on business this year, owing to the distressing state of things.

I should like to accept your invitation

* It is with much regret, that I am not able to give my letters with those of my father's. I was not aware they would ever be needed; consequently was not careful to retain the copies; and am therefore, only able to give a few of his.

and emigrate to America, but my *home*, my *native Isle* has a *charm*, almost too powerful to admit of a seperaton, in this my advanced stage of life. As yet, I know not how I shall act. I am not able to determine, at present, so as to give you a satisfactory answer, but return you my sincere thanks for your tenderness towards me.

England, I think, is reducing very fast, Banks are failing in many parts of the country, in consequence of which, and the drouth of 1826, many respectable farmers are reduced to a state of beggary, and the country presents but a dismal scene of wretchedness. Dear Son: I wish you would write often, and give me every account of America you can, as I am anxious to hear. Let me know how you are situated, and how far you are from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

In closing this, I commend you to Almighty God, who alone is able to watch over and bring you to his kingdom. O, may he bless and enlighten you as to your duty, that you may live a devoted and useful life. We are all well, and all join in giving our love to you, and your dear wife and her relatives, praying if we should never meet each other on earth, we may be so unspeakably happy as to meet in heaven, to receive a crown of glory, where we may mingle our friendly souls in praising God forever, through Jesus Christ.

I am, dear son, your very
affectionate father,
WM. LIGHTON.

Having attended to improve my talent as an exhorter for about two years,—with the advice of my brethren, I at length obtained license to preach, as a local preacher, at a quarterly meeting conference, holden at Lisbon, April 25th, 1829, signed in behalf of the conference, by the Rev. John Lord, Presiding Elder From this renewal of my commission, I felt the solemn importance of honoring it to the glory of God. O, may he forbid that I should be slack in warning the wicked "to flee the wrath to come!" Save me, O Lord from every principle of error, from the love of the world, and every thing else that cannot bear to be tested by thy holy word, and by the things of eternity. After receiving my license as a preacher, I wrote to my parents, in which I acquainted them with my calling, as a gospel minister, &c. The following is their answer, which I received in the month of December, following :

Frampton, near Boston, Aug. 8, 1829.

Dearly Beloved Son : I began to think the time long since I received a letter from you ; but the time has arrived in which I have received yours : it came to hand Aug. 7th, 1829. Nothing gives me more satisfaction than to hear from you ; believe me my son, when I say it is a happiness I enjoy above every other pleasure of the world. Yes, thank God, I can now retire to my closet, and hold converse with my dutiful son, while I read your epistle, O, what a delightful hour ! How much I am obligated

to praise the Lord who has permitted me to see this moment. The pleasure I have received from perusing your kind letter, has animated and filled my soul with such exquisite happiness, as words cannot express. And why all this joy and gratitude ? but because I have reason to believe my long lost son is found ; that you love God and the way of life and salvation; but above all, that you are favored, by God's blessing and mercy, the privilege of preaching the gospel of the Son of God. O, this is too much for a father to bear ! So thoughtless was you about your soul before, and so regardless of friendly advice, and leaving the bosom of friends and home, as you did, who can help rejoicing ? Ah ! who could ever thought of such a change ? Truly, " with God all things are possible."

With this feeling of soul, I eagerly clasp my pen to communicate with you, in the form of a letter, and hasten to lose no time in so pleasing an employ. I have much to say by way of encouragement to you, but I cannot express myself. Let me advise you to be humble ; abstain from every thing that does not bear the impress of that blessed gospel you profess to preach. Live near to God, and then I have no fears concerning your prosperity and usefulness.

I shall now commence giving you a summary of the unhappy state of your native land, which I have no doubt you will be anxious to know. England is indeed in a suffering situation, so much so, that I cannot help contrasting

her once happy state to her present deplorable wretchedness. She once enjoyed more pleasure than any Kingdom in Europe, and was the garden of the universe, the place of civilization and arts, whose manufacturies would allow no rival, and whose ships spread their sails over the whole four quarters of the globe. Her *wealth* was *stupendous*, and her *people happy*. The peasantry of England, who were once the glory and pride of the nation, are now sunk into the lowest state of poverty ; they are indeed the most miserable of men ; they are turned into paupers and beggars. By what ? By the insupportable and heavy weight of TAXATION. Their hearts have sunk under the oppressive burden, that they are no more, and will be no more,except some speedy remedy is on foot. So oppressive is the present state of things that there has been more burglaries and robberies committed than ever man remembered, which arises chiefly from TAXATION, that "*dead weight.*" The farmers are paying high rents, and parish rates become so high that they can scarce be said to live. England can never prosper, as it has done, so long as *taxation* and PAUPERISM prevails in the land. Other countries have got its mode of manufacturing, and are in consequence thereof, less burdened with that destructively "*dead weight,*" so that they can bring their goods to England and have a renumerative profit. Such my son, is the deplorable situation of the unhappy Englisman. As for my part, I am in a prosperous

situation, for which I thank God; but I feel for the laborer, his situation is so extremely critical that it claims the sympathy of every christian and philanthropist. We are paying about two hundred pounds per cent TAXATION, and the *interest of the national debt* is about one pound five shillings per second, (or $5,55.) This, my dear son, is bad news of our country. May the Lord save us from the dreadful evils which threaten us!

But I must close after acquainting you with the state of the family. We are all enjoying good health, which to me is a blessing I cannot be too thankful for. I wish you, and all yours, may be enjoying the same good. Your brothers and sisters respect you as very dear to them, and hope you will accept their humble tribute, which is their undivided love. Present also, the same endearing sentiment to your dear companion, whom they respect as their worthy and beloved sister. Also accept our love and make it acceptable to our daughter (your wife) and every member of your family. Mr. and Mrs. B——send you their kind respects. The worthy and respected John Y——, Esq. has gone the way of all the earth. He died on the 8th of May last, after a severe illness. He was beloved in his life, and lamented in his death, by all his parishoners, and I believe has gone to live with him who is King of kings and Lord of lords. Please write immediately. And now may the God of peace be with you,

and remain with you, and keep you from all danger through Jesus Christ our Lord.

I remain your most affectionate father,
WM. LIGHTON.

The contents of this letter filled me with the highest concern for the general happiness of my father, and his family, that I wrote him an impressive letter, addressing him upon the subject of emigrating to this country, and urged him most vehemently not to delay, but to proceed forthwith as soon as convenient. One of his letters in answer to this subject is as follows :—

Frampton, Oct. 31st, 1831.

My Dear Son : I received your most grateful and intelligent letter, dated July 10th, and am truly enamored with your simplicity and kind treatment. It breathes a sincerity, too powerful to be doubted, that fills me with true parental affection, and sincere respect to a loving and dutiful son, now in a transmarine state.

* * * * * * *

I receive your kind invitation with warm emotion, and should like to come to America, to pass the rest of my life with you in your FREE REPUBLICAN country, where peace and retirement alone can be found, to refresh and relieve the sons of suffering oppression. But my son, the thought of leaving home, and friends, to traverse the ocean, in quest of a more free country, at this age of my life, might be probably an imprudent step. I know not what

to say any further upon the subject, but would give you my hearty thanks, for your kind invitation, and pray the Lord he may, by his divine influence, bring us to heaven, where waves and billows shall no more rise between us, to obstruct us from the enjoyment of our beloved fraternity.

* * * * * * *

Your most affectionate father,
WM. LIGHTON.

Finding my letter did not have its desired effect, except that it put him to thinking upon the subject, I wrote again upon the same subject, and received the following :

Frampton Sept. 2d, 1833.

AFFECTIONATE SON : Through the blessing of God, we received your important communication, dated April 24th, 1833. Your argument for me to come over to you, is very strong and sincere, but I cannot at present, determine so as to give you any decisive satisfaction about the subject. Yet, let me tell you, my dear son, the ties of parental affection are so strong as almost, at times, to induce me to resolve upon the undertaking. I should be very happy to see you all, and to enjoy sweet solace, and end my days in your *free* and *happy* country, and in the bosom of an affectionate and grateful son, but the distance seems too far, and the journey accompanied with a degree of mental anxiety and danger, which are the only difficulties which seem to prevent that happy

meeting, which would be accompanied with all the feelings of a true philanthropist.

* * * * * * *

Our country is progressing in oppression and wretchedness, which almost induces me to believe its fate is fixed. The reform bill has proved a dead letter, at least at present; and in consequence of this failure, the people have turned a deaf ear to all the plans of reformation. What will be the consequence I know not, but I fear it will result in a bloody contest. May the Lord have mercy upon us, and deliver us from the evil. We are all in sentiment as usual, and enjoying good health. Accept our love and best wishes. Write at every opportunity. And may the propitious smiles of our heavenly Father attend you, and your beloved family forever, which is the prayer of

Dear Son, your most affectionate and honored father,

WM. LIGHTON.

About the time I wrote to my father last, I suffered by an unfortunate circumstance, and lost the greater part of my property. It might be well to give some minute particulars, relative to the circumstance. I had lived in my married state between five and six years, in the most happy and contented manner, during which time, we were blest with three children, a son and two daughters. As I was located where my trade was of but little service, and feeling disposed to devote myself more exclu

sively to it, I concluded to sell my farm, and establish myself where it would be of value. I succeeded in selling my place to a Mr. M'Bain Jameson, who had ever been one of the most upright of men, and having no apprehension of his dishonesty, I confidently reposed my property in his hands, without any other security than his notes. Knowing he had obtained the command of my farm, he was influenced by some poor, miserable, and notorious wretches, to sell it and leave the country. He did so, and in consequence, out of seven hundred dollars, the price of my farm, I lost five hundred and twenty-five. He proceeded with his family to the West, where, for aught I know, he is at present.

This unfortunate circumstance threw me into deep trouble, and was like a cloud over my mind, darkening my prospects. However, by the grace of God, I was able to pursue a course, which tended to promote my welfare in every respect. Although I was somewhat involved, I can say, to the honor of my creditors, they never injured so much as a hair of my head. Truly, the Lord is merciful and good, in that he overrules every thing for my peace. I do truly pity the man who was the cause of my misfortune, and those who influenced him, for, with all their gain, I am better off than they, for I possess a conscience clear from guilt. My prayer to God is, that they may repent of the evil they have done, and be saved.

In the ensuing fall, I hired a house in the town of Landaff, about five miles from my former residence, where, by the smiles of a kind and indulgent Providence, I have been blessed, far beyond my expectations, with food and raiment, and what is better than all, with spiritual prosperity. Truly, my trouble has been sanctified: I have been taught the fallacy of earthly goods, and led to trust in him who is a well spring of life, and whose resources can never fail.

Thus, dear reader, I have presented you with a plain, unvarnished detail of the events of my life, hoping, that if you are still the subject of parental govornment, or in a state of nonage, you will be careful how you treat lightly the advice of your parents. Let all *my* difficulties, act as beacons to *you*. O, *beware* of *folly*! "Shun every appearance of evil." Give your heart to God. "In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will direct your paths." Pov. iii.6.

I rejoice that I am permitted to close this narrative on my birth-day! *Thirty* years have rolled over my head! They are gone forever! O, what wonders God has wrought for me, through these thirty years of my life. I have had my lot of sufferings, and difficulties, from the hands of wicked and unfeeling men. I have felt their frowns and their wrath; but God has interposed, rescued, and saved me from my impending fate, and brought me to a land of liberty and peace; and has given me affectionate and dear friends. Truly God has been my refuge, a

present help in time of trouble ; and unworthy as I am, I will trust in him evermore.

It will not be long before I shall sleep the sleep of death. O, that I may have my Saviour in my heart, and that my God may sustain me in a dying hour ; and grant me a triumphant resurrection to a glorious immortality. O, may I, while I live on the earth, live to the glory of my blessed Master. May I ever be dutiful, and labor for the salvation of precious, immortal souls. May the Lord "so teach me to number my days that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."

"A few more fleeting years, and what a change !—What new scenes will break in upon our ravished vision ! If I live, I shall see changes ! When I die—and die I must, I shall see as I am seen, and know as I am known, by the inhabitants of a world of Spirits : and O, what a change ! to be an inhabitant of a world of Spirits !"

"Thou must expire, my soul, ordain'd to range
Through unexperienc'd scenes, and myst'ries strange:
Dark the event, and dismal the exchange.
But when compell'd to leave this House of clay,
And to an unknown somewhere, wing thy way;
When time shall be eternity, and thou
Shalt be, thou know'st not what, nor where, nor how,
Trembling and pale, what wilt thou see or do?
Amazing state!—No wonder that we dread
The thoughts of death, or faces of the dead:
His black retinue, sorely strikes our mind;
Sickness and pain before, and darkness all behind.
Some courteous ghost, the secret then reveal;
Tell us what you have felt, and we must feel.
You warn us of approaching death, and why

Will you not teach us what it is to die?
But having shot the gulph, you love to view
Succeeding spirits, plunged along like you;
Nor lend a friendly hand to guide them through.
When dire disease shall cut, or age untie
The knot of life, and suffer us to die;
When after some delay, some trembling strife,
The soul stands quiv'ring on the ridge of life;
With Fear and hope she throbs, then curious tries
Some strange hereafter, and some hidden skies."—*Norris.*

"But O, if I am prepared for such a change, how delightful it will be to awake from death—to be immortal, and live forever;—to be among immortals—to renew those associations with dear relatives and friends, which have been suspended for a season. I can carry no tidings thither, for the affairs of this word are known to disembodied spirits. I can look around me for relatives and friends, and those refined principles of the soul, of love and joy, will there be renewed, and enjoyed forever. O, happy, happy region of boundless bliss! There will be no changing then of time: it will be eternity. O, E-T-E-R-N-I-T-Y! that dreadful pleasing thought! I shall be immortal! But shall I possess a crown of life? Here rests the awful pause! *A crown of life!* My God, O, thou eternal and everlasting Father; hear thou a sinner's prayer; lead me by thy good spirit, and so sustain me in my course, that I may find my all in thee, both in time and in eternity."

And now, before I conclude, let me ask the reader, what are thy prospects beyond the grave? O! what are thy hopes? Hast thou

a well grounded hope of a blessed immortality, and that all is well between thee and thy Maker; or art thou still in thy sins, an enemy to God by wicked works? If thou art, is it not high time for thee to bethink thyself on thy condition, and prepare thyself for the great event of thy life. Think, O think, how soon thou wilt have to leave this short, transitory scene of existence! A few years, at the fartherist, and then all will be over with thee here, and then thou must appear a naked, unembodied spirit, at the awful bar of the august Majesty of heaven, to answer for thy conduct. O, let me urge thee to fly to Christ; he is thy only Saviour and sure friend. Have faith in his merits.—Be deeply humble.—Live in view of Eternity, and in the solemn consequences of that vast and trying scene. Remember that if you neglect to walk in the commands of God you will be damned forever.

> ————Be wise, nor make
> Heaven's highest blessing vengeance; O be wise!
> Nor make a curse of immortality!
> Say, knowest thou what it is, or what thou art;
> Knowest thou the importance of a soul immortal?
> Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
> Amazing pomp; redouble this amaze!
> Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
> Then weigh the whole; one soul outweighs them all,
> And calls the astonishing magnificence
> Of unintelligent creation poor.'

Let thy soul bathe itself in the blessed Saviour,

"Sink into the purple flood,
Rise to all the life of God."

Seek and retain his sacred image in thy heart, and live on him by holy, conquering, irresistable faith; and so shalt thou be saved in heaven.

Let me advise thee to a constant and prayerful perusal of the holy Scriptures,—acquaint thyself with them as thou wouldst thy chart, wast thou lost, and exposed to perilous dangers on the boisterous deep. Remember the *Bible* is the star of eternity, a chart, to guide thy frail bark into the haven of eternal rest. Make it the constant book of thy life.

'Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still
As generation threw a ray
Of Heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
The everlasting hills, pointed the Sinner's eye!

With holy faith and prayer,

Read God's Word once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor;
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And God's Word will be all the books you need.'

Never lay it aside because thou hast read it over and over, or because it may not be altogether so congenial with thy natural views and feelings; but persist in thy acquaintance with it, with sincere prayer to God that thou mayest fully understand it aright.

The Holy Scriptures are of indispensible use to thee, as they teach thee every thing relative to thy salvation, and of thy duty while a probationer here below. Let the dear reader therefore,

> "Read, and revere the sacred *page*, a *page*
> Where triumphs immortality; a *page*
> Which not the whole creation could produce;
> Which not the conflagration shall destroy
> In nature's ruins not one letter lost."

Our ignorance and neglect of the *Scriptures* is the prime cause of so much infidelity and irreligion in the world. Instead of men's approximating them, and forming their lives by their unerring authority, they set up their own systems, creeds, and notions, and haggardly warp them to their unsanctified designs. May God grant dear reader, that you, and I, may come to the light of God's Word, if we are condemned and cut off, amen ; let us come to the *truth* as it is in Jesus that we may be saved in heaven.

Christian reader, *awake* thou to thy duty ; see thou hast every thing ready, and in order for thy exit into another world. Be on thy post, and watch against the summons of the Captain of thy salvation. See thou maintainest family and secret prayer,—and see that thou hold daily communion with thy Lord. Examine thyself, as to thy title to heaven, and happiness. Dost thou live every day, a holy and devoted life such as adorns thy profession? Hast thou Christ formed within thee the hope

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